

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

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## MAGDALENE: A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

### CHAPTER IX.

Self devotion, high and pure,  
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,  
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,  
And dearest hearts are bursting round.—[KEEBLE.]

The outcry which startled Mr. Winthrop, coming slowly down to enquire the meaning of a disturbance so unusual, was the only token Magdalene gave of a woman's weakness and fear. In an instant she had comprehended the scene, and one appealing glance at the blanched and terror-stricken faces around, told her she must act for all.

"Here—in here!" she said, opening the door nearest at hand. It was the dining room, and the men laid down their unconscious burden upon the wide sofa, wheeled for the evening's family gathering, to an angle with the fire.

"Poor young gentleman! 'Taint no use, Miss. He haint stirred since the horse kicked himself loose, afore we got to him," one of them said, shaking his head at Magdalene's endeavors to find whether life or hope yet remained.

She had nerves herself against the first sickening terror at the sight of the gaping wounds, the bruised and swollen face, the clothes stiffening with blood—fearful to a stranger, but how much more so to one in whom each sense and feeling was made doubly acute by love? Mr. Winthrop stood before her as she looked up, mute, and rigid, stunned by what he saw, and not yet comprehending that *this* was all that now remained of the morning's idol.

"Send them all away, Mr. Winthrop—go, Miss Martha, Jane, all of you!" she said, starting up with feverish impatience as the household crowded around. "You can do no good; not *you*!"—and she appealed to the man who had spoken, who alone seemed capable of action in this dreary emergency. "You understand it all, and you will carry a message for me to the doctor;

vol. vii.—24

run every step of the way. No—I will write, he may not be in"—and with a sudden gesture which freed the room of all intruders, that old, imperious way, Magdalene placed herself before Mr. Winthrop's own desk to write. Months afterwards, when the horror of the scene had partly faded from her remembrance, she wondered at her own calmness as she penned the lines:

*"Frank Winthrop has met with an accident, and is, to all appearance, DEAD. Come, for God's sake, and save him for us, if you can."*

There was no signature, but none was needed. The firm, bold hand, womanly, yet full of character, even at such a moment, was enough to the physician, who had seen her, night and day, in the sick room of those to whom his mission had just ended. And yet it seemed hours to Magdalene before he arrived. She knelt down and chafed the rigid hands—she listened and prayed as she did so, for some token of life—with her ear laid to his uncovered breast; and then rose up to walk the room helplessly, hearing only through the painful stillness the shrieks of the rising storm without, and Mr. Winthrop's unaltered cry—"Frank—Frank—speak to me! Frank—my son!"—repeated again and again, as if the dead could hear, or the dumb speak.

In another hour all that skill and tenderness could do, had been done. The fire light shone out fitfully upon the disordered traces of the sad scene so recently passing before it. Towels and bandages were scattered round—a pile of golden curls, dabbled with blood, lay as they had fallen from the unsparing hand of the physician; but no one heeded these things, all thought and interest centered in the boy's own room, where he lay living, but senseless; life scarcely fluttering in his feeble pulse.

All night long there were lights and footsteps.

(275)

going about the house;—all night—ages it seemed when the wintry daylight crept through the half closed blinds—Magdalene and those two silent men kept their almost breathless watch.

And yet, this was better than the returning consciousness, the acute agony, the wild delirium, which filled the house with shrieks, and tortured those who listened, more by the reality of suffering than the blankness of dumb suspense. Life, at what a cost! The blinded eyes, the crushed limbs, the frightful wound above the temple, surely it were truer kindness to have prayed for death.

"My old friend"—and accustomed as he was to scenes of human suffering, the physician's voice trembled as he spoke—"I will not deceive you. There is hope—"

"Thank God!—oh! thank you! bless you, doctor!"

"Wait—hear me out—just one hope for our poor boy. It is impossible to decide so soon, and I will not act on my own judgment. But you ought to know at once, I think he must lose that limb."

Magdalene clung closer to that helpless form, shuddering, as she heard the sentence; but the father did not even know it had been pronounced; he had ceased to listen when he heard of hope.

"Time enough to press it upon him when it must come," said the doctor, as he motioned Magdalene out of the room. "It must, I think, I leave everything to you; turn his father out if he disturbs the poor boy when he comes to his senses. I will be back as soon as I can. Don't let one of those women in."

Frank was muttering incoherently when she returned. "Hi! old fellow—faster—faster—so black—everything is black—father!"

The last was a frightened, appealing cry. Mr. Winthrop's face worked convulsively as he bent down over the pillows.

"Father—oh, father!"

"My poor boy—my poor Frank. Here I am, Frank, close to you; don't you see me?"

Magdalene's quick, warning gesture was of no avail; but she took one hot hand in hers, and smoothed it softly, as she would have done to quiet a restless infant.

He was still for a moment, and then the other hand was raised as if he would have torn the bandages from his eyes. She prisoned both, and held them fast.

"Frank, my dear child, listen to me," she said, in a low, distinct tone. "You have been thrown, and hurt very badly; but we are doing all we can for you, and everything depends upon your keeping quiet. Will you try, for your father's sake?"

"I know," the poor boy murmured. "I thought of my father, then—and of you; and I thought it was all over—"

Magdalene placed her hand upon his lips. "That is all," and she almost frowned back Mr. Winthrop's unspoken words, greedy as he was of hearing that voice again, that plaintive cry—"my father." Even he recognized the firm, controlling spirit which had acted so bravely and wisely for all; and once more there was a

hush in the sick room, where Frank tossed in uneasy, feverish sleep, broken by moans and startings of pain.

#### CHAPTER X.

And is there in God's world so drear a place,  
Where the loud, bitter cry is raised in vain?  
Where tears of penance come too late for grace,  
As on the uprooted flower the genial rain?

We barter life for potage; sell true bliss  
For wealth's poor power, for pleasure or renown;  
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss  
And wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.—KESSE.

Those who have waited, with beating hearts, balancing hope against hope, for the end of a consultation, on which the life of some dear one depends, as far as human skill and wisdom may decide *God's will*, can picture the morning in which all was placed at stake. Magdalene, shut out for the first time from the sick chamber, did not leave the hall. The day was damp and dreary, and whether she walked to the window, and looked out upon the leaden sky, and dark houses opposite, or sat shivering unconsciously upon the stairway, there was nothing to change the current of her thoughts.

The slightest movement in the chamber startled her. Frank's moans, faint, and, at times, almost suppressed, seemed to her straining ear, the utterance of death. If they had only allowed her to be with him, where she could have watched their faces, even if she had not heard a word of all their questioning, she could have borne it far better. But they—how did they know her *right* to minister to him, or the new and all-absorbing love that had "sprung full statured in an hour," in a heart yearning through life for ties of birth and blood?

She stood close by the door, when its abrupt opening almost threw her from her hold upon the square carved banister upon which she was leaning.

"Oh, it's you: that's all right. It's you I want," said Dr. Jackson, who had left his colleague the more dreaded task of breaking their decision to the boy's father.

"Just as I expected—and it must be at once; Cooper says every hour, every second will tell. Poor lad! he has all his father's spirit, all he used to have—he won't believe us, or listen to us now—Winthrop, you know. I can't blame him, such a fine fellow, crippled for life."

"Frank," said Magdalene, hoarsely; "does he know it?"

"Yes—yes, it was the only way. He took it like a soldier—only he must have *you* with him."

"Me!" and unimagined horrors of the scene made her lean against the wall for a moment, sick and faint.

"Cooper would not hear to it—I answered for you, though. I knew you both. If you were his own sister and mother included you could not do better. Don't think about yourself. That's the way—shut your eyes. He says if you will hold his hand he will not take either. I'm afraid of it for him, though he shall have it if he wants it."

He was already half way down stairs, to the carriage and assistants in waiting. "Flesh and

heart failed" before this new ordeal; her limbs trembled under her, and Frank himself, lying in patient expectation, was not more ghastly when she was summoned to a place at his side.

He could see her now; the swelling had subsided and the bandages had been removed. The day before they were all so happy at finding his eyes uninjured—but now his father had neither strength nor comfort for him; nothing but blank despair, and at times a fierce gleam from his blood-shot eyes that made the face, marked by anxiety and watching, more haggard than ever. It was the inward rebelling strife that made this draught so bitter. Frank's suffering, fear for the result, everything was merged into one proud, wrestling with the fate that had befallen his child, his son, the last of his generation, the inheritor of the name, and wealth, and distinction, which had been the absorbing pursuits of his own life.

Farther than this life he had never looked. The Prince of this World had in him a subject that shut his eyes and dulled his hearing to any offer of another service.

In his prosperity he had said he should never be moved; his success he attributed to his own will and energy, and his career had been almost singularly fortunate. But now a stroke, that no forethought could see or arrest, had in a single hour brought him at bay with a power which had never stood in his path before; but the messenger was an angel of wrath bearing a flaming sword.

The unshed tears of a life-time burned within those hollow eyes, like drops of molten lead. Every cry of pain, short, suppressed—but far more pitiful for their patience than the most frantic shriek could have been—entered his heart like steel. He could have struck Magdalene in the face as he glared around at them all, and stayed for a moment on those still features of marble whiteness, but calm as marble also, for the composure which he, never before shaken in spirit, could not attain. His hand trembled like a woman's as he raised it, to wipe the great beaded drops from his forehead; yet speech or movement were both denied him; life depended on that hour's silence. Memory and remorse claimed it to do their perfect work.

And Magdalene, praying incessantly for strength and comfort to that poor child whose imploring eyes were scarcely turned from her own, neither saw nor knew anything beyond. She had indeed "forgotten herself"—it was no new task, and He in whom she trusted, upheld her with a more than human strength and courage.

Once, when a convulsive shudder of fear and pain contracted the face into which she looked so wistfully, she stooped down and kissed the mouth, feminine in its sweetness. No one saw it, so swift, so light was the movement, but the boy's eyes thanked her with a look of grateful love, that repaid her for years of loneliness. Again the hand she held was prest with a grasp that almost crushed it, to her own, the strength of mortal anguish; and she bent to breathe those familiar words that startled the jealous

ear strained to catch them, with a new life and meaning.

"*By thine agony and bloody sweat—by thy cross and passion.*"

In the still and solemn night those words haunted the restless spirit, yet battling with this invisible but constraining power. Sleep was impossible, though he seemed to rest.

The night lamp sent strange ghostly shadows through the room, that room, his own in the light-heartedness of boyhood, his own when the first dreams of love and ambition took the place of childish pursuits and fancies; the very walls stood up as silent witnesses of wrong; its gloom was a type of the blackness of the retribution that had at last overtaken him.

Near at hand, to be ready at an instant's change, their friend and physician slept heavily, worn out by fatigue of mind and body. Magdalene alone remained at her post. She promised herself rest and care on the morrow, but to-night neither Mr. Winthrop's expressed wish, or Miss Martha's petitions, sent through Dr. Jackson, availed to change her determination. It was not enough to feel that the worst was over, that such strength and fortitude had been given her to aid them both, and that her charge slept quietly, exhaustion though it was.

One, two, three,—she counted the strokes of the great clock upon the stairs. Two hours more and she would rouse Mr. Winthrop, and leave Frank to his father's charge. A strange trembling came over her as she glanced towards the shrouded form, lying on the lounge opposite. For the first time since the day which had revealed it to her, she suffered herself to think who it was that slept there so unconscious of her presence or her claims.

But the boy awoke just then, with a spasm of extreme suffering. "Oh! Magdalene, I cannot bear it any longer."

She held an opiate, already prepared, to his lips.

"Won't you say a prayer for me?" he whispered faintly, "as you did for poor little Helen when she suffered so."

Simply as a child would have done, Magdalene knelt down by the bedside where she stood. Again she uttered that anguished plea,—

"And by thy precious death, in all times of tribulation, good Lord, deliver us. Grant us patience, and teach us how to bear the trials thou dost send. Thou who didst know all of human loss and agony, send help and comfort in this dark hour."

The convulsive grasp relaxed softly, as the boy slept again, but still she prayed, though silently, for him when he should come to a full knowledge of his blighted life, for guidance and direction in her own dreary and uncertain path. A deep groan startled her.

Mr. Winthrop had thrown off the semblance of sleep, and she turned to meet his full and troubled gaze. Should she try to offer any comfort to him, could she even pray that it might be given to him! A pale, shadowy face came between them. Ah! it was a deadly wrong that clamored for forgiveness and pity.

It was a tempter, with an angel's face, looking towards her with a mother's pleading eyes, but it was the strong pride of her nature, her sole inheritance from him.

She crossed the room suddenly and held out her hand.

"It is very, very hard for you to bear. I do not know how to offer you any comfort."

She did not—she felt instinctively that he could not understand the secret of her own support and steadfastness.

But he only turned away from her and covered his face with his hands.

"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man"—words he had heard he knew not where or when, was all that he could utter; drawn forth without his will, nay, against it, for her faith, her trust, her purity, stood before him as an accusing spirit.

A new emotion rose up in her heart as she looked upon him, so humbled and bowed down. Pity for the self-accusing heart, for the remorse which thus cried out as it rent him sorely.

"None sin beyond the hope of penitence and pardon," she said, wondering at her own boldness of speech.

"It is too late for repentance—death shuts out all that. God is just—God is just." He said this bitterly, yet so low, that had his boy been waking, he would not have heard the confession hidden in the words.

"But not for repentance—not for pardon," she urged again, with a sudden hope. This change had not been wrought by an earthly power; it might be deepened, made real, and thus the light broke upon the darkness of the trial which had befallen him. Oh! if she could only make him see it also!

He rose up, and they stood face to face.

"You pity me. Well, I can bear that, too. I can bear to be pitied. See what need I have, when the hardest pang of all is that my sin has brought this upon him. My hidden, unrepented sin—a broken heart, a deserted child, my child, cast off, homeless, cry out to me in every moan from his lips. Oh, my God! it is enough—spare me!"

It was a fearful thing to see, to hear, to bear witness to the breaking up of the depths of such a nature, sweeping all barriers of pride and reserve away before the stormy tide. Magdalene's heart stood still.

"You will not speak to me—you will not plead for me, as you did for him. I need it more, I tell you. See how soundly he sleeps—I cannot sleep—there is no drug for remorse; that will never sleep again. She shall be righted yet. He is not my first born. Why should I tell you all this? Who are you, what are you, that you have heard this?"

"I—I am *Magdalene*."

She said it so simply, looking so steadfastly into his face, that neither oath nor proof could have added weight to the instant conviction that thrilled through his whole being; and then she turned, and glided silently from the room, as if she had indeed been the spirit that she seemed

to him, looking after, without the power to recall her.

The earliest member of the household astir found her lying in a deep swoon, stretched at the very door of her own room; there strength and consciousness had suddenly deserted her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## COURAGE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Strike!—as said the anvil to the hammer—

Strike! and never let your iron cool!

Up head, my boy: speak bravely—never stammer,

For fear the world will set you down a fool!

We have no time allow'd for shilly-shally,

But seventy years allotted to the best;

Down with the rock: plough up the fruitful valley.

Work out your purpose—leave to God the rest.

You have a purpose—should have—then, begin it!—

An honest manly purpose is a power,

Which, if you straightway seize upon the minute,

Will make its progress surer every hour.

Build up your fortunes by it: lay them deeply;

Make your foundation sure; then, day by day,

Rear the great walls—a fortress—never cheaply;

Good purposes demand a great outlay!—

Strength, faith, devotion,—thought and resolution!—

These make your capital—these freely spend;

Once sure of your design, the execution,

Needs all that you can give it—to the end!

Oh! boy—man! what a world is in the keeping

Of him who nobly aims and bravely toils!—

Wake to great deeds; we'll all have time for sleeping,

When "we have shuffled off our mortal coils."

## PENITENT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

In the twilight I am calling,

Lord, to Thee, in earnest pray'r;

Darker than the shadows falling

Is the blackness of despair.

Ever sinning, ever erring,

Wayward to my trust and Thee!

Heart each chance of hope deferring—

Hard as any heart could be.

Now each secret fault confessing,

Deed and word and thought of sin,

Grant, O Lord, Thy promised blessing

Grace to bear, and peace within!

Jesus, Thou art all compassion!

Pure and boundless love Thou art!

Crown me now with Thy salvation,

Enter now this waiting heart!

From those heights beyond all measure,

Where the silent stars ascend,

Bring to me the rarest treasure

Heart could wish, or Thou canst send!

## THE BETTER DEED.

BY S. A. WENTZ.

Three young wives sat laughing and chatting in a large front porch, shaded in by fresh green vines and delicate honeysuckle blossoms. The lawn swept down to the white gate, and beyond the road lay the sea, dimpling in the sun-shine, as if it were a reflection of the young wives' faces.

"Ah!" said little May, shaking her head, "I laugh to myself to see how Charlie gives in to me—you know he is very firm! oh, dreadfully firm! Whenever I want to do anything he don't want me to do very much, I look so meek and submissive, and say with a sigh, 'Well, Charlie, I'll do as you think best.' You see, I know he'll think it best for me to have my own way in the end. He looks at me two or three times out of the corner of his eye, and in a few moments he says, 'May, the more I think of it, the more I think you had better do as you propose.' And then," continued little May, with a flourish of her snowy hand, "I fall in his arms, etc., etc."

"Yes, that is the way!" responded the two wives, laughing until the tears came. "I do so!"

"But still," said May, as her childlike expression gave place to a look all womanly and full of soul, "I try so hard to act rightly: I pray every night and morning that I may learn to link Charlie's heart to heaven. And it does seem to me that he grows sweeter and kinder every day, as if heavenly blossoms came to lodge in his heart, making it spring-time in his soul all the time. But who is that?" and May turned an eager look towards an old woman who entered the gate. The woman went to the kitchen, while one of the wives related her present history to May. She had a decrepid, helpless husband, and a daughter lying at the point of death—she was steeped to the lips in poverty, and had suffered greatly before her situation was found out.

"Oh, if I had known it in time!" said May, as the tears rose in her eyes. When the woman came from the kitchen, May glided from the porch, and handed her a half-dollar, all she had with her, saying, "Won't you take that?"

As May ran back to the porch, she heard one of her friends say, "Isn't she the sweetest, the most generous creature that ever was?" And May thought suddenly within herself, "I suppose I am!"

May had gone back to her own lovely cottage at nightfall. Her husband was not at home; a friend had come from a distance to see her—an old lady. May tossed aside her straw bonnet, and sat down beside the matron, striving to devote herself to her entertainment. It occurred to her suddenly to ask if her guest had been to tea. No, she had not; so the young

wife stepped to the kitchen, and said, "Ann, make a fire and set the table for two, will you?" May thought that Ann looked ill; she felt sorry for her, but murmured to herself, "It seems to be a necessity that she should work just now, although she does not look able to. I must entertain Mrs. Potter, and then I have my white dress on. It is insufferably warm."

She went back to the parlor, but even while she talked, it kept passing through her mind. "Is it generous or kind for me to allow poor Ann to work now?" She looked as if she would drop down, dear, faithful girl. Which is the greater charity, to give a little money to a poor woman, or to relieve my girl when she is sick? As far as I am concerned, that which costs me the greatest effort is the best deed. But, oh, dear, I am so selfish, I hate to go in that kitchen just now." Still she talked to Mrs. Potter, inwardly musing the while. At length she said within herself, "This hesitancy about performing a plain duty will never win heaven."

She rose abruptly, saying, "Excuse me a few moments, Mrs. Potter!"

Upon entering the kitchen the second time, she saw poor Ann slowly kindling a fire as she sat on the floor, with one hand pressed on her forehead.

"Does your head ache so?" she asked, in sweetest tones, laying her soft hand upon the flushed brow of the girl. "You had better go to bed, Ann, I'll get tea, and if you are not better in the morning, I'll get breakfast. I am sorry you feel so badly. Let me put a wet cloth on your head."

The girl took a chair, and submitted herself to the tender cares of her young mistress. Tears gushed to her eyes, and ran in torrents down her cheeks.

"Oh, but I think of my mother when I am sick! she was so good!" broke from the lips of the poor Irish girl.

"Oh, yes, Ann, our hearts *will* yearn for our mothers in sickness. I know what it is!—I was sick once away from home." And May gently smoothed the girl's hair, then laid her hand on her shoulder, saying, "Go lie down, and don't trouble yourself about the work. You are so faithful, Ann, I know you will be anxious to do all you are able to."

Ann sought her room, soothed to the very centre of her heart; May's kind manner had prevented an hour of passionate weeping; she fell asleep quietly.

Little May put on an immense check apron, and flitted about the kitchen with the blithest heart in the world; she felt so joyously grateful that her attendant angels had pressed her to be merciful to her servant. Ever and anon, as she was setting the table in the dining room, she would put her bright face into the parlor

door, with a cordial, laughing word to Mrs. Potter. If the truth must be told, May was not glad right down in her heart when she found that Mrs. Potter was her guest, but now there arose a new, dear feeling of warmth towards the good old lady. When they sat down to their

cosy little meal, and talked and drank their fragrant tea, May thought she had looked for the first time beyond the aged exterior of Mrs. Potter, and had caught glimpses of spiritual youth and beauty. A blessing fell on May that day.

### REVERIES.

People of thoughtful and quiet habits are liable to be inveigled by the attractions of day-dreaming. Those in active, driving, exacting occupations—the lawyer in full practice, the busy business man, the school teacher, the editor, can't stop for such wasteful and easeful pleasure. But the young, especially, are often plagued by it. Over their books or their studies are ever partial, ever hewed out with the stern-waste, in dreaming of triumph, the only hours which God gives you to fill your armory with weapons for the fight. Whatever time you use in these fantastic conquests, is exactly so much plied to real active preparation lost. Wake up! If before rising in the morning—in the quiet of your own rooms—wherever they have the possibility of still meditation which is so choice a privilege of the careless years before man-hood and womanhood come with burdens and sorrows—their occupation is often laid aside, even by the hour together; and while gazing out of window, or resting the head on the hand, or reclining at ease on couch or bed, the soul is surrendered up to the listless contemplation of imagined joys, or imagined achievements.

This is not the business for those years. It is tempting, we allow, to indulge in the easy triumphs of an imagined future; those conquests are abundantly more plentiful and com-

plete than the actual victories of life, which are ever partial, ever hewed out with the stern-waste, in dreaming of triumph, the only hours which God gives you to fill your armory with weapons for the fight. Whatever time you use

in these fantastic conquests, is exactly so much plied to real active preparation lost. Wake up!

If you listen wisely you can hear the trumpet of the Present Occasion, sounding sharp and loud,

close to your ear. It calls you to fulfill the Present Task. That done, another will be ready,

and so on, until all work is over. Leave dream-

sorrows—their occupation is often laid aside,

shoulder the heavy burdens of the great actual

world, to fall into the ranks and "drag the heavy

artillery along the dusty roads of life," you can

at least be laying up the knowledge, and drill-

ing yourself in the exercises, which, when the

time of actual service does come, will be equal

to years of mere routine to you in your strife

after success. Quit dreaming, then. Wake up,

and go to work.

### LAMENT FOR MY WILLOWS.

BY FANNY FALES.

Beside my open door, in summer hours,  
When earth was very glad, I drank the sound  
Of willow-voices, in the silence round,  
Murm'ring unto the flowers.

Above my low, old-fashioned windows, hung  
Their graceful plumes of emerald, and swayed  
To the light zephyr, as it idly played  
Their cooling shades among.

The robin and the blue bird warbled there,  
And builded little homes of straw and clay;  
Filled them with life, and nursed those lives each day,  
Until they swam the air.

One day, mid-autumn, but few moons ago,  
A woodman's axe jarred heavily the ear,  
And my proud willows, with a groan so drear,  
On the bright earth lay low.

Ah, me! ah, me! I turned away and wept—  
A "thing of beauty" from my life was crushed;

A voice of gladness in my spirit hushed,  
A light in darkness swept.

A poem written by the hand of God,  
A line of beauty added year by year—  
How dared man mar what seemed to Heaven dear?  
And raise it to the sod!

'Tis but a little thing, you cry, I weet—  
Is not the dew a little thing? the flower?  
The perfumed breeze? the dreamy summer shower?  
And yet they make life sweet.

A tender word, a smile with love aglow,  
A picture that a pleasant memory brings;  
Lines from the absent—O, 'tis little things  
That make our weal, our woe.

The spring-time comes to touch the stony earth  
With prophet-rod, and it will gush again,  
But miss my willows where the wind hath lain,  
And merry birds had birth.

## WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Eldridge's mind was still in a confused state, when the bell announced a visiter. She listened, while the servant passed to the door, with a feeling of expectation.

"Is Mrs. Eldridge at home?" It was a clear, familiar, ringing voice, the tones of which fell pleasantly on the lady's ears. Light feet tripped along the passage; the door of the room was swung open, and the visiter entered.

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Weakly! Good evening! How glad I am to see you!"

"Good evening! good evening!" returned the lady, her face glowing with smiles, as she caught the extended hand of Mrs. Eldridge, and saluted her with a kiss.

"I'm glad you've dropped in," said the latter; "for I feel too dull to be alone."

"Dull?" Mrs. Weakly looked earnestly into the face of her friend. "What is there to make you feel dull?"

"A thousand things," was replied.

"Ah, my friend! you must learn to take the world easy, as I do."

"You are never dull?"

"Never!"

"Then you are a fortunate woman, and must have a husband of easier temper than I am blessed with."

"Oho! It's the husband, is it, my pretty little friend?" said Mrs. Weakly, in an airy tone. "That will never do. These husbands are terribly exacting and unreasonable sometimes; but most of them are susceptible of management. A few are incorrigible tyrants; but a woman of spirit knows how to deal with such. Your lord and master, however, does not belong to this latter class."

"O, no. Mr. Eldridge is not a domestic tyrant. If he were, he'd not find the task of lording it over me an easy one. The trouble is, he expects me to make home a kind of Paradise, and a parcel of unregenerate cubs of children, as gentle and harmonious as lambs."

"Oh, dear!" and Mrs. Weakly laughed a merry little laugh, that seemed to come from away down in her throat.

"But I'm thinking they're no worse than we were, when of their ages. I know that I was a torn down little imp—at least they say so—and I rather think I'm not so very much behind other people at my time of life."

"No, I shouldn't think you were," said Mrs. Weakly, in a voice that, to some ears, would have sounded not a little equivocal, though Mrs. Eldridge perceived in it only a compliment. "As for Weakly," continued the visiter, referring now to her own husband—"he and I have no disagreements. Things did go a little rough at first, but I soon made him understand that I knew my position, and should maintain it at

all hazards. Ha! ha!" the little laugh, away down in her throat, came with a new sound to the ears of Mrs. Eldridge—"Ha! ha! I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, our first quarrel—I call it a quarrel. We had been married, then, only three weeks. Weakly was very loving, very fussy, and very busy in our new home; giving orders here and there, as if I were a mere slip of a girl, that didn't know a broom handle from a frying pan. Well, I looked on, half amused, and half angry, waiting to see how far he would go. From the beginning he had undertaken to do the marketing, and he delivered his basket and his orders to the cook with as much coolness as if I were in the moon, instead of in the house.

"Well, one day Weakly brought in a pair of chickens, and said, as he handed them to the cook:

"Now, Jane, we'll have a fricassee of these; and here are a few nice pippins in the basket. I got them for apple dumplings. Don't forget them; and see here, Jane, let them be made with potato crust."

"That will do," said I to myself, as I turned off and went up stairs, vexed, half to crying, at this treatment of me, as if I were nobody—that will do, Mr. John Weakly—but if you see any fricasseed chicken, or apple dumpling with potato crust to-day, my name isn't Martha Mary!"

"So, about an hour after he had left the house, I called down to Jane. She came up stairs, and I said:

"Jane, isn't there enough of that meat we had yesterday, left over, to make out a dinner to-day?"

"Mr. Weakly said we were to have fricasseed chicken," replied Jane, looking at me with surprise.

"Did you understand what I said?" I spoke with some sternness of manner, and with a glance and tone that seemed to frighten the girl.

"Ye—yes, ma'am," she stammered.

"Very well, answer me, then. Is there enough cold meat left over for dinner to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then chop it up fine, and make a hash of it. Do you know how to make a good hash?"

"The girl said she could try, and left the room with a bewildered air. In a little while she came back, and looking at me doubtfully, said:

"About the apple dumplings, ma'am; shall I make them?"

"No," I replied. "You needn't make any apple dumplings to-day. A rice pudding will answer. Have you eggs and milk?" Jane said she had both, and I dismissed her with my finality.

"Well, I didn't feel altogether comfortable,

as you may suppose; only three weeks a bride, and setting up in direct opposition to the will of my husband. But, I was always a girl of spirit, and when once fairly aroused, never yielded. Weakly was in the wrong, that was clear, and I meant to keep him in the wrong. He had made the mistake of taking it for granted that I was a quiet little puss, who would yield to him in everything, and let him do about as he pleased. The longer he remained in this error, the more he would confirm himself in it; and so, all things considered, I was sure that my course was right.

"It must be owned that I felt a little nervous as dinner time approached. I tried my best to summon before me an image of his true personality, in order to determine what amount of combative power he possessed, and to form, therefrom, some idea of the length of the contest about to begin. But, I could determine nothing satisfactorily.

"At last my husband arrived, and I met him with my usual smiles, though my manner had in it a constraint that it was impossible to subdue. Soon after he came in, the dinner bell rung, and we repaired to the breakfast room together.

"How's this?" he exclaimed, with a contracting brow, as he lifted the cover from a dish of smoking hash. "Where are those chickens?"

"We had meat enough over from yesterday, and so I told Jane not to cook them," I replied, as evenly as I could speak.

"But I distinctly told her to make a fricassee," said my husband, contracting his brows still farther, and looking at me in a way that I did not regard as particularly amiable.

"And I distinctly told her to hash up the cold meat from yesterday!" I replied calmly, but in so resolute a voice that my husband fairly started at the words.

"You knew I wanted the chickens," he said, after a little pause.

"You did not tell me so," was my prompt answer.

"You were standing by when I told Jane to cook them," said he.

"Perhaps," I replied, "if you had signified your wishes to me, instead of to my cook, they would have been complied with."

"I think some light broke into the good man's mind, and with a suddenness that partially blinded him. He looked at me very earnestly for the space of half a minute, and then, without a word more, helped me to some of the hash, and went to eating his own dinner. Neither of us, it must be confessed, partook with an over keen relish. When the dessert of rice pudding came on, instead of the apple dumplings with potato crust, not a word was said. Weakly ate about half of what I gave him, and then pushing back his chair, left the table. He was rather sober for a week, but never again ventured to give cook an order about dinner, or any thing else. Sober for a week! I might say for a month—indeed, I think he's never got over being ashamed of himself to this day. I lost a good share of petting, and that kind of

loving nonsense, no doubt; but succeeded in making Weakly understand clearly the stuff that was in his wife. He's never trespassed on my ground since, and so we get on as smoothly as Darby and Joan."

Mrs. Weakly laughed merrily as she concluded, adding, as she did so—

"There's nothing like a fair understanding at the beginning of all co-partnerships. It prevents a deal of trouble afterwards."

"Not many husbands would have submitted so easily," said Mrs. Eldridge.

"I don't know. Men are pretty hard subjects in the main; but, a resolute woman is, nine cases in ten, a match for the hardest. We have a stronger self-will, and more endurance, and therefore, can hold out longer. A man, after a certain period of opposition, grows weary, but a woman's spirit never tires. Do you understand that?"

"I think your meaning is clear."

"Trouble with your husband, say you?"—

Mrs. Weakly spoke half lightly, half seriously. "I'm afraid you permitted him to get the upper hand in the beginning. Husbands are rarely troublesome unless this have occurred."

"I don't know what it is, but there's something wrong." The tone in which Mrs. Eldridge said this, showed that her mind was not very clear on the subject of her relation to her husband.

"Ah—that something wrong! How many thousands of unhappy women sigh out those words in weakness and discouragement! How many thousands faint and fall by the way, unable to bear the chain that holds them fast in a cruel bondage. Men are strong, physically, and their position involves the temptation to exercise power. Few are proof against this temptation. Ah, my friend, if the annals of domestic tyranny could be written and published to the world, stern hearts would melt and ruddy cheeks pale at the fearful history."

"I believe you," said Mrs. Eldridge, catching the spirit of her friend.

"And yet," continued Mrs. Weakly, "woman is really stronger than man, and, if she but willed to do it, could bend him like a reed. I wish all wives had my spirit."

"I wish they had," replied Mrs. Eldridge; "for the whole community of men need to be taught a few wholesome lessons."

"Indeed they do! Well, I've done my part; and I'm very sure Weakly is a happier man for it. No one grows any better for indulgence in arbitrary rule. We both do pretty much as we please; and go out and come in when we please. I never permit myself to be a clog upon his movements, and he shows no disposition to become a clog upon mine. I like company, and so does he; but our appreciation of qualities is different. I don't always fancy his friends, nor does he always fancy mine. The fact is, our union is now rightly based on the rock of common sense, and not on the seething furnace of what people *call* love, the vapors from which are ever and anon blinding and scorching. I know some wives who are as 'fraid as death of

their husbands, and will give up the dearest friendships merely to gratify their whims. It wouldn't do for Weakly to try that experiment with me. I'm old enough, wise enough, and independent enough to choose my own friends; have always done so, and will continue to do so unto the end."

These remarks brought to the remembrance of Mrs. Eldridge a troubled passage in her own history. She had formed a pleasant acquaintance with a lady in the village, against whom her husband entertained a strong prejudice—so strong that he objected to his wife's visiting her. The circumstance caused a good deal of unhappiness at the time, and was never recalled without uncomfortable feelings.

"Some husbands are very unreasonable on the subject of their wives' friendships," she said. "Mr. Eldridge is not an exception to the rule. It's his fault, entirely, that a coolness exists between me and Mrs. Glendy."

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Weakly spoke with animation. "Mrs. Glendy was talking to me only yesterday about you. She says that, from some cause, you have ceased to visit her; though of the reason she is entirely ignorant, never having done or said anything against you; but, on the contrary, having always spoken in your praise. 'The fact is, Mrs. Weakly,' said she, 'I always liked Mrs. Eldridge, and always shall like her!'"

"And I always did like, and always shall like her," replied Mrs. Eldridge. "Nothing separates us but a whim of my husband's."

"Whim! Humph! It wouldn't do for Weakly to try any of his whims upon me. But, what in the name of wonder has he to say against the woman!?"

"He's heard something to her discredit, I believe."

"What?"

"Oh, well, I can't just repeat what was said. 'Nothing against her character!'" Mrs. Weakly bent over in a confidential way towards Mrs. Eldridge, and spoke in an insinuating voice.

"No, nothing special: only—"

"Only what? Don't be afraid to speak out plainly; I will regard all you say as strictly confidential."

"Well, the truth is, some people in the village do talk a little freely about her; though I never believed a word that was said."

"What do they say?"

"Oh, well, you know how people will talk sometimes. Mrs. Glendy is a pleasant, cheerful, companionable woman, who keeps a good deal of company, and lays herself liable to misjudgment from a certain class of prudish persons."

"Yes, I understand. But, to the pure all things are pure. Envious people are sadly given to slandering their neighbors, I'm sorry to say, and we have some of the envious in Arden. Their spite would be harmless if there was not such a readiness in the human mind to believe in evil reports. I believe Mrs. Glendy to be as good as the best in this neighbor-

hood; and I'm very sorry your husband's foolish prejudice should step in between you and one of the most agreeable women in our town, who regrets the alienation, and sincerely desires a restoration of friendly intercourse."

"It's very unreasonable in Mr. Eldridge," was remarked, with considerable warmth.

"Downright tyranny, I should call it, were it my case," said Mrs. Weakly.

"I was wrong, perhaps, ever to have yielded the point."

"There is no doubt in the world of that," replied Mrs. Weakly. "It was a mortal blunder. To yield in this way is to invite aggression."

Mrs. Eldridge sat and mused for some time.

"I have a great mind to call upon Mrs. Glendy to-morrow," said she, with some manifestation of spirit.

"I'd do it," was the encouraging response.

"I'm just vexed enough with Mr. Eldridge to feel reckless. He's been encroaching on me a little too much of late. If I thought there was the slightest truth in the rumors about Mrs. Glendy, I would never go near her. But —"

"Slander! slander! vile slander!" exclaimed Mrs. Weakly, with unusual animation. "There isn't a word of truth in any rumor that says she is not pure and good. And isn't it cruel, Mrs. Eldridge, to desert a rightminded woman because evil lips insinuate evil against her. We should all make common cause with the unjustly accused. It should be the glory of our sex to sustain a slandered sister, and not desert her in the hour of trial. Who knows how soon the painful experience may be our own; for none are so pure that suspicion may not throw a passing stain upon their garments."

"True, very true," said Mrs. Eldridge, "and your words oppress me with self-condemnation. I have not been just to Mrs. Glendy."

"The best can only make reparation for error."

"Be it my task to repair this error. To-morrow morning, I will call upon Mrs. Glendy."

"Do so, by all means," urged the visitor. "If you do not wish to raise a breeze with your husband, why, say nothing to him about it. I, for one, don't believe in wives giving their husbands a minute history of all they say, think or do."

"Oh! you needn't class me with such silly wives. I know how to keep my own counsel."

In conversation of a like tenor, the two ladies spent a couple of hours, and then Mrs. Weakly returned home, taking one of Mrs. Eldridge's servants to keep her company by the way.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was after ten o'clock when Mrs. Weakly returned home. For nearly half an hour Mrs. Eldridge sat with her thoughts so busy in the new direction they had taken, that the unusual stay of her husband was not remarked.

"Ten minutes of eleven!" she exclaimed in a surprised tone, as her eyes fell accidentally upon the clock; "and Morgan not home yet! This is very unusual."

And Mrs. Eldridge arose and went to the window; raising it, she looked first up and then down the broad village street, along which the white houses shone in the gilding moonbeams. The quiet beauty of the scene wrought an almost instant change upon her feelings, softening their tone and touching them with a hue of sadness. For several minutes she looked forth expectantly, but no living form was visible. Feeling a chilliness creeping over her, she closed the window, yet still remained gazing out.

"I don't like this," she murmured, as thought went backward. "I wish Morgan would come home. What can keep him away so late?"

When Mr. Eldridge left his home that evening, fairly driven away by his wife's ungenial spirit—he was a home-loving man, and rarely went out after night-fall, except forced to do so by business or political engagements—he walked slowly down the street, sad and purposeless. He was moving along, with his eyes upon the ground, when an arm was drawn within his, and a familiar voice said—

"Good evening, Eldridge! Which way?"

"Just taking a little stroll in the pleasant moonlight," was answered.

"Ah! I didn't suppose there was any romance or poetry left in you, after ten years' experience as a lawyer," remarked the other.

"There isn't much left, I can assure you," said Eldridge, with some feeling. "The world soon takes all the nonsense out of us."

"Indeed it does. It took it all out of me years ago, and I'm now as cold and unromantic as an oyster. There was a time when I enjoyed a moonlight evening, and could read poetry with a zest, but that time is long since passed. I don't understand poetry now; and moonlight or midnight is all the same to me, so far as emotion is concerned. The heart gains immobility as we grow older. Is not this so in all cases?"

"I can hardly answer yes to your closing query, Mr. Craig," said Eldridge. "Sometimes I have thought that my heart was growing stern and hard; but suddenly it has shown itself weak almost to woman's tenderness. We are strange beings!"

"I shouldn't suspect you of weakness, Mr. Eldridge."

"Nor am I given to such weakness. Contact with the world does over the heart, but does not always chill the central impulses."

By this time the two men were at the lower end of the town, where stood the tavern.

"Come in and take something to drink with me," said the companion of Eldridge.

The latter made no objection, but entered the tavern and joined him in a glass of liquor at the bar. They then went out upon the porch, and took seats at some distance from a group of men who were discussing politics. Conversation between them was, for a short time, made up of the ordinary commonplaces. In a pause, Craig leaned closer to Mr. Eldridge, and said, in a confidential way—

"I expected to see Judge Gray here to-night."

"Ah? Isn't he about?"

"No, not yet. The Judge and I have been talking over a little speculation." And Craig spoke in a still lower voice. "He's here almost every evening, and I thought I should meet him to-night. Ah! there he is now!" was added in quickened tone; and he arose and advanced towards a man just entering the porch.

The two greeted each other familiarly—stood and conversed a few moments in an undertone—and then came forward to where Eldridge was sitting.

"Good evening, Eldridge," said the Judge, in a frank, cordial tone of voice. "Where do you keep yourself these fine evenings? It's really a treat to get one's eyes on you after court hours."

"Oh, I'm one of your home bodies," returned Eldridge, pleasantly, as he took the Judge's hand. "Office business usually occupies all my spare time out of court, and when night comes I feel more inclined to thoughtful quiet than social intercourse. It is a fault of mine, perhaps."

"No doubt of that," returned Judge Gray. "No man has a right to shut himself out from the company of his friends. At least four evenings out of six I take a stroll down here, to have a cosy chat with some one, and I'm all the better and brighter for it. Our own thoughts, if left too much to themselves, soon run thick, and move sluggishly. Don't you find it so, Craig?"

"I have found it so in times past; but I take care, now-a-days, to keep the channel free. Good fellowship is essential to the mind's healthy action. Home is a fine institution. Every man should have a home;—but there is something for us to do and enjoy in the world outside of home. A man's obligations to his family are high and sacred duties, and should ever be faithfully discharged; but their observance will not absolve him from social duties. His friends have claims upon him as well as his family."

"Truly said," remarked the Judge; "and I trust our friend Eldridge will take the lesson to heart. He needs to con it well."

"I'm not unsoocial, by any means," said Mr. Eldridge, with some animation.

"Not by nature, I will admit," replied Judge Gray—"but, practically, you are, and growing more and more so every day."

"You think so?"

"I know so. When, pray, have we seen you here, for instance? Not for a month!"

"I've been here within that time."

"How often, pray?"

"Once, at least."

"Once! For shame, Eldridge! I would have thrown that out and called it nothing. Once! Why, I'm here at least four times a week, and that's none too often."

"Too often for me," said Eldridge, firmly. "Once or twice a week would be an extreme concession to the social requirement."

"Very well. Have it your own way. Give us two evenings in the week, and we will be thankful."

"I cannot promise." And Eldridge shook his head; laughing at the same time.

"We have you this evening, at all events," said the Judge. "Perhaps we can interest you to a degree that will make your return a thing of course. We shall see."

"I'm in your hands," was the light response.

"And shall be well cared for. Come! Let us go up to one of the private rooms. I have a basket of choice old wine in the landlord's cellar, set apart for my particular friends. We'll break a bottle."

The three men went into the house, and up to the private rooms mentioned by Judge Gray. And there we will leave them.

Eleven o'clock passed, and Mrs. Eldridge was still a watcher for her absent husband. She felt troubled, and far from self-satisfied. Conscience, to whose small voice she tried, in vain, to close her ears, whispered in them rebuking words, and charged upon her unkindness.

"What can keep him so late?" she said aloud, in a voice that would have betrayed her anxiety, had there been a listener near. As she thus spoke, she went again to the window, and looked earnestly up and down the moonlit street. She was about turning away, after standing there for some minutes, when the appearance of two men in the distance caused her heart to leap, and she kept her place at the window, with her eyes riveted upon the two figures, which advanced along the street very slowly. At last they were near enough for Mrs. Eldridge to distinguish, in one of them, her husband; but the person of the other she could not make out. The men were in very earnest conversation, and passed the house, on the opposite side of the street, without pausing. A little beyond, Mr. Eldridge stopped—his wife could see him distinctly in the strong moonlight—and glanced around, in a kind of bewildered manner, as if he had lost, in mariner's phrase, his "reckoning." Comprehending, in a little while, that he had gone beyond his home, he turned, and walked back, until opposite, his companion returning with him, and talking all the while earnestly.

For some minutes the men stood on the pavement, in full view of Mrs. Eldridge, who had let the curtains fall, and now peered, unobserved, through a small opening in the drapery. They still talked with animation, the companion of Eldridge gesticulating with considerable violence. Two or three times the latter broke away, and made an attempt to cross the street; but the other advanced as he retreated, even grasping his arm to detain him while he uttered his rapidly spoken sentences. Then Eldridge would speak in turn, but not with the other's warmth.

At last they separated. When half way across the street, Eldridge stopped. His companion had turned back, and called him.

"Don't forget to-morrow night!"

"I'll be there," was the reply of Eldridge. Both sentences were heard by his wife.

The instant Mrs. Eldridge saw the two men

finally separate, she retired from the window. At the same moment a revulsion in her feelings began. Anxiety gave place to disapprobation of her husband's conduct in remaining away until so unusual an hour, and self-reproaches to an accusing spirit. When he entered the room, her first words, spoken in a tone that could not fail to irritate, were—

"Home at last, are you? I wonder you hadn't staid out all night!"

"I might, if I had been sure of no better reception at home."

There was an unusual sharpness in the tones of Mr. Eldridge. In most cases, if his wife spoke with unkindness or irritation, he maintained a perfect silence, and thus prevented the fire of discord from blazing out. And, it would have been so on this occasion, had not the old wine of Judge Craig been mingled too freely with his blood, obscuring his reason, and firing his temper.

"Where have you been?" There was something almost imperious in the voice of Mrs. Eldridge, as she fixed her dark eyes upon the face of her husband. The latter returned the glance of his wife, steadily, for almost a minute, and then said, slightly curling his lip—

"My lady had better lower her tone. Her manner is by no means agreeable."

"Morgan!" Mrs. Eldridge stamped her foot. But, her anger was impotent, and she felt it to be so, for, in the next moment, she was in a passion of tears.

Without seeming to notice this effervescence of feeling, Eldridge quietly undressed himself, and was in bed and fast asleep ere the sobbing of the tempest that raged for time in the mind of his wife had died away into silence.

It was long past midnight, when the aching head of Mrs. Eldridge pressed its pillow, and well on to the morning watches, ere slumber sealed her eyelids. The thoughts that kept her awake were among the most troubled of her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### HOME.

My home is in the quiet vale,—  
The chosen haunt of simple thought;  
I seek not Fortune's flattering gale,  
I better love the peaceful lot.

I leave the world of noise and show,  
To wander by my native brook;  
I ask, in Life's unruffled flow,  
No treasure but my friend and book.

These better suit the tranquil home,  
Where the clear water murmurs by;  
And if I wish a while to roam,  
I have an ocean in the sky.

Fashion can charm, and Feeling bless,  
With sweeter hours than Fashion knows;  
There is no calmer quietness  
Than home around the bosom throws.

—[PERCIVAL]

## ONE HOUR IN A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

There is a pawnbroker in the good city of \_\_\_\_\_, who has been fed and fattened, in person and purse, by the necessities of the unfortunate for so many years, that he has become exceedingly wealthy, and, because of his riches, is now considered, by many, highly respectable. We called upon this man once upon a time, and during the hour we remained in his shop, a new leaf in the great book of human life was opened to our vision. We had never before seen a pawnbroker's heart; in fact, never had our attention been directed to this class of beings as fit subjects of serious study; but, on the occasion alluded to, we had been only a few moments in the room when an incident occurred which excited our curiosity to witness further developments of the character of the man, and of the pernicious business in which he was engaged.

An old lady entered, with feeble, faltering steps, a countenance and dress which plainly bespoke sorrow and want. Before the poor woman had time to utter a word, we were startled by the harsh voice of the pawnbroker, as he said,

"What do you want, old woman? What did you come here for? Go out."

"If you please, sir, I am in great distress, and want a little assistance—only a very little, for myself and my poor, sick child."

"Go out, I tell you, I don't want to hear anything about you or your sick child—don't you know any better than to come to a shaving shop to beg? Ask a pawnbroker for charity! Well, that's good, that is, ha, ha!"

"In heaven's name I ask you for some money, only a very little;—you have all my furniture, all my clothing that I can possibly spare, and the ring given me by my husband on our marriage day; and, what I prize more than all, *his miniature*; you have that, too.—All, everything of value I have on earth, is in your hands. Now, do advance me a little more, that I may buy some medicines for my dying child. I will thank you—I will bless!"

"Go away—don't trouble me. Didn't I give you the money on all you brought? If you can scrape together any more old duds that are worth anything, bring them here, and I will let you have more money. If you can't, then keep away from me. Clear out."

With a deep heart-groan, and a low, murmured prayer, "God have mercy on us," the old woman turned from the wretch, and walked slowly away.

During this colloquy we were strongly influenced by different emotions: indignation for the icicle man, and sympathy for the unfortunate woman. But a few moments passed ere a person of quite different character entered the shop, a young man, whose dress betokened an attempt to maintain gentility of appearance, but

whose face was strongly indicative of most reckless dissipation. He placed upon the counter a gold watch and chain, for which he asked an advance of "only forty dollars."

"Forty dollars!" said the pawnbroker, in a tone of amazement, as he took the watch, and carefully examined it. "Why, sir, I have better watches than this offered me every day for twenty dollars."

"But that is a valuable watch," said the young man, "18k. gold, cost me eighty dollars, and the chain twenty; was bought two years ago, been used carefully, and is now just as good as new. I ought to have fifty dollars on it, but will take forty. Must have forty dollars this day—can't get along without it. Will pay it back to you in one month."

"Sorry I can't accommodate you, young man, but I cannot advance more than twenty dollars."

"Let me have the watch, then, and I will go to some other place, for I *must* have forty dollars to-day."

He took the watch, held it in his hand hesitatingly for a moment, then put it in his pocket and walked to the door. Just as he stepped out, the pawnbroker called him back, saying, "Stop a moment, let me see that again; I should like to help you if I can. Well, I'll do a little better—I'll say twenty-five."

The young man stood for some time in anxious thought, and then said, "Make it thirty—let me have thirty dollars and I will leave the watch and chain with you."

"If you'll surely return the money when the month is up, I will do it, though it is too much, too much!" So saying, the pawnbroker prepared a ticket, and slowly counted out thirty dollars, all the time muttering to himself, "too much—too much money to advance on old watches—can't do such a thing again—hope it will be returned without fail, for I've often lost by advancing more on all sorts of old trash than I could get for them at auction."

The young man received the money without evincing the slightest feeling of thankfulness, or even of satisfaction, but rather looked the disappointment which he felt, and went out murmuring, "Ten dollars more—I *must* have ten more, and *to-day*; but Heaven only knows how I am to raise it."

As the door closed upon the poor, misguided, unfortunate youth, I noticed that the face of the pawnbroker suddenly changed from the serious expression before assumed, and was now wearing a most repulsive sardonic grin.

"Well done, very well done—pretty keenly managed was that operation, I take it," said this heartless man, and then he would nod his head in the most satisfied manner, and look appealingly to us, as though he expected we should nod our head in acquiescence.

"What do you mean by *keenly managed*?" we ventured to ask.

"Why, I can get seventy-five dollars cash for that establishment any day."

"But you don't mean to say that you will sell that watch without allowing the young man an opportunity to redeem it."

"Oh, nonsense; redeem it—he redeem it! It's likely that young scamp will raise thirty dollars again, isn't it? Very likely! Let me tell you that *he's a goner*; that watch was all he had; he clung to it till the very last, and now it's gone, he will never raise the money to redeem it."

"But you cannot be positively assured of this; some fortunate circumstance may occur which will enable him to redeem the property within the time specified."

"Fortunate circumstance!" sneered the pawnbroker—"why, sir, Fortune has played *guile* with that fellow—she let him drop long ago, and will never pick him up again. I calculate that I can see pretty deep into human nature—it is *my business*—have been reading human nature for more than twenty years, and almost every day find some new chapters to read; but *I can read them*—read them all—can make out the whole story of the great book of human nature, in whatever binding it comes up before me, and, like the scholar, *I always manage to read for my own benefit*. And, now, as to that fast young man, I can tell you all about him—I saw right through him—he is going down, ever down, and will never make an upward step again in this world."

"He may reform," we suggested, "and then will begin to rise."

"Never," responded the pawnbroker. "If I had advanced the forty dollars, it is barely possible he had some scheme by which, with that amount, he would have been enabled to regain something of what he had lost. I saw that he had some purpose to accomplish which would require just what he asked, and with anything short of that sum he would fail. I saw it in the fixed expression of his countenance—in the determinate will which manifested itself in his every action and accent; and so I proposed a less amount, to see if I were not right in my surmises, by the effect that would be produced upon his mind. And I was right—the want of *ten dollars* will thwart the fulfilment of his last good resolve, and send him headlong to perdition. So I have got the watch and chain for thirty dollars, and that's what I call an operation keenly managed."

This exhibition of most consummate selfishness was so abhorrent to our feelings, we could no longer restrain the expression of our contempt and indignation; but just as we commenced speaking, in the severest terms of reproof, our attention was arrested by the sudden entrance of another visiter, a man of most frightful appearance. We started involuntarily at his approach. His face seemed the very personification of all evil passions. On entering, he cast a quick, furtive glance around the room, and then hastily proceeded to the coun-

ter, upon which he placed a small bundle, saying,

"Here, old man, give me the money on these goods, and be quick about it, too."

"What have you here?" said the pawnbroker, taking up and untying the bundle, "Some poor, worn out old things, as usual, I suppose."

"No, sir, you needn't call *them* old—most of 'em are new, and the others are just as good as new. There's two dozen silver spoons, four breastpins, three gold rings, one first rate silver lever watch, all simon pure, and they're worth more'n seventy-five dollars. Now, what do you say on the whole of 'em, old fellow? You must come up to something handsome this time, and *shell out* in a hurry, too, for I must be off."

"Can't do much for you on this lot."

"Say thirty-five dollars?"

"Couldn't begin to do it—the whole of 'em not worth that amount, but as you want the money, and as I would like to accommodate you, I will go as high as twenty dollars."

"Won't leave 'em with you for that—can do better with old N—, but as I've no time to lose, if you'll say twenty-five you may keep 'em. Now, don't bother any longer about it, but *fork over*."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way this time, but I can't be so liberal with you again," and with ill-suppressed chuckle, the old pawnbroker counted out the twenty-five dollars, which the villain seemed to grasp with most eager joy, and retired from the shop as speedily as he had entered.

"Now, there's a fine specimen of human nature for you," said the pawnbroker. "That's a character to study. Did you notice him? did you read anything remarkable in his face?"

"It appears you had seen him before," we remarked.

"Seen him before! Should think I had, a few times! Can tell you all about him. He is a notorious thief, and, when sober, one of the most successful gamblers in the city."

"It would require but little penetration," we answered, "to see that he is a most hardened villain. But, why is it," we continued, "why is it that you encourage him in his wickedness by advancing him money from time to time? and how do you know but that the articles he offers you are mostly stolen property?"

By a glance at the old man's face, we perceived that our questions had aroused the demon in his heart, and whatever might have been the effect of the visitation of his wrath upon us, we were fortunately saved from it by the opportune appearance of another visiter. This person was a woman—yea, in the true sense of the term, we may say a lady; one whose whole appearance was lady-like; manners, countenance, language, all indicating that she had been well educated, raised in luxury, and long accustomed to refined society. She was apparently about thirty-five years of age, of sad, intellectual countenance, pale and delicate, and poorly but neatly clad. She advanced slowly and timidly towards the old pawnbro-

ker, and yet with a look of most honest, earnest purpose.

He cast a glance upon us, which we considered equivalent to saying that we had been there long enough as a spy upon his actions, and that he would thank us to leave the shop. But we had some curiosity to learn the object of this woman's visit, and, therefore, determined to remain.

"I have come," said the lady, addressing the pawnbroker, "to redeem that miniature breastpin I left with you, and have brought the six dollars and seventy-five cents you advanced on it, and fifty cents extra, to pay for retaining it beyond the time first agreed upon."

"I haven't your breastpin, madam; it is not here."

"Not here! What do you mean, sir? Did I not leave it with you? And did you not promise me you would keep it till I called for it, even if I should not come for several months?"

"Don't remember any such promise—don't think I made any; but I do know the breastpin was sold last week."

"Sold?"

"Yes, sold. We have but one way of doing business here. Why didn't you come in time to redeem it? You have the ticket, and you must know that it is nearly a month behind the time you ought to have come for it."

"I could not come sooner. Indeed, I could not. I have been very sick; and then I had to work for this money, and, small as the sum is, it is the earnings of many weary days' labor; yet, I worked gladly to redeem that which, though of little worth to others, is very valuable and precious to me. Besides, sir, you told me you would certainly retain it until I should come."

"Can't help that—you might have come sooner. You're too late, now."

"Too late! Oh, do not say that, sir. You can get it for me. You certainly know who bought it, and I will pay you any amount you may require if you will return it to me."

"Can't do it, madam. Don't know who bought it—can't find out. Sorry you're disappointed; but, you see, it's all your own fault, you didn't come in time—you are *too late*."

"Too late! Yes, too late to look again upon the sweet image of my dear, darling, lost boy! That miniature was the likeness of my own dear child, and oh, sir, if you had known what a comfort it was to me—how much it lightened the misery of my life to gaze upon that innocent, angel face—how it kept alive within me sweet memories of a joyous past, dissipating, at times, the sad realities of the present, you would, sir, I know you surely would have kept it for me."

To this earnest appeal the pawnbroker made no reply, but all the while stood there before that poor, heart-desolate, supplicating woman, with no more expression of sympathy than could be excited in a marble statue, or man of iron. She spoke not another word, but her silence was more expressive of her great sorrow; and yet her tearful eyes, trembling form and

pleading countenance were all unheeded and in vain. The breastpin containing the likeness of her once idolized boy was lost to her for ever. Slowly she walked to the door, and, before passing into the street, turned suddenly and bestowed a farewell glance upon the pawnbroker. It was a look most eloquent of meaning, full of contempt and reproach; so intense, so penetrating, that we supposed it would prove an effectual censure to the heartless man towards whom it was so justly directed. But we were mistaken—greatly mistaken, in attributing any sensibility to a pawnbroker, for immediately upon her departure this automaton specimen of humanity exclaimed,

"Glad that's over with. Don't believe in any such sentimental nonsense! Won't encourage it. It's all humbug."

\* \* \* \* \* And here, gentle reader, we close our relation of the incidents which occurred during a visit of an hour to a pawnbroker's shop. Such are the practical workings of a system which is maintained and legalized, by license, in all our large cities—a system which lives and thrives only by the contributions it extorts from the dissolute, and the unfortunate poor,—a system which aids vice and discourages virtue, which is a strong ally of the rum shop and the gambling saloon, and managed solely by selfish, miserly beings, who seem utterly destitute of human sympathies. We abhor this system. Viewed in the light of its only pretended justification, that of being established for the poor, we abhor it. Law only exacts from the wealthy borrower of money six per cent. per annum, but at the same time institutes and sustains a system which extorts sixty per cent. from the widows and orphans, the sick and unfortunate. So we say this system is a blight and a curse to the poor, and its existence a dishonor and disgrace to any Christian community.

HOME QUESTIONS.—Did you ever know anybody to stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years at most, who did not prosper? Not one! no matter how bad it might be in the beginning, if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else, no matter how hard he found it sometimes to keep his head above water, still, if he persevered, he always came out bright in the long run—didn't he? Whatever it might have been at the beginning, at the end of ten years he had made a business for himself.

\* A QUEER REMEDY.—A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured."

## THE YOUNG MARRIED MAN'S ERROR.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"Oo-te-toot! my baby boy—'way he goes!" said a fond mother, gaily tossing her little one, and making herself happy over the simple amusement.

"Oh, don't, Mary, be so foolish," said the father, who was sitting near, conning his morning paper. "It does seem strange to me that you will talk in such a silly manner to that child. You seem to have lost all relish for everything of an intellectual nature of late, and, I believe, care for nothing but to toss that baby about, and get together all the unintelligible words it is possible to conceive."

"Why, Henry!" replied the wife, a shade of disappointment flitting over her face, "what shall I say? You know I desire to please you above all things else."

"Why, I don't know as it is necessary to say anything. The child cannot understand you."

"I know—but then he likes to be talked to. Only see how he laughs and makes his little hands go!" And again the mother's face told how pleasant was her heart's new found joy.

"Oh, pshaw! Mary. How frivolous you have become. I had not expected to see Mrs. Le Fevre finding such a large share of her enjoyment in such a simple amusement. It seems to me it would be more befitting her station to give the child into the nurse's hands until it has some understanding. There are those who are fitted for no higher employment. But you, Mary, have too fine an intellect to be wasted in such a manner." And Mr. Le Fevre folded his paper, rose, buttoned up his coat, and took a dignified step toward the door, adding that he supposed he should have to seek in his office, and with his books, the pleasure of companionship he used to find at home.

"Why, husband!" said the wife, now feeling really hurt, "you surely do not think it beneath a mother, though she humbly lay some claims to intellect, to interest herself in her own offspring, and personally attend to their wants and the amusements fitted for their capacity."

"Why, no, not exactly. But—to spend so much time."

"With an immortal being whose mind must slowly unfold to the wonders of life."

"Is no menial employment, I suppose," said the relenting husband. "But, shall I tell you, Mary, it seems to me sometimes that you have less desire for your husband's society than formerly."

"Ah, I see—a little jealous! But come, we must not let that direful spirit creep into our affairs matrimonial, and an unconscious babe the cause! I am willing to play the penitent, and confess that I may have spent more time than was absolutely necessary over this tiny treasure, to the neglect perhaps of making

the hours you spend at home more agreeable. But I will commence a reform, now, this moment. So do, please, sit down again, and read me a bit of foreign or political news, and see how attentive I will be."

Mr. Le Fevre could do no less than comply. He was far from being an ill-natured or fault-finding man. But he honestly thought it was a great piece of nonsense for people who had the facilities for happiness that he and his wife had to be tossing a wee bit of a baby about, and talking to it before it could understand anything. He was proud that he was a father, and felt certain that he was some time to experience great pleasure from the relation; but he had a very indistinct idea as to what age of his child this pleasure was to commence.

Mrs. Le Fevre called the nurse, and giving the little one to her charge, bade her "be very careful," and with a whispered "Bye, bye, darling," reluctantly turned from the door and took a seat by her husband.

And so the little difference, unlike too many such, ended without hard feelings. A social half hour followed, which tended to restore harmony, though the young mother failed to recover the buoyancy of spirit that her husband's remarks had dampened. She had taken her little one into the parlor that day, to see if she could not attract the father's attention toward it, and awaken the interest that she had expected in vain to see him exhibit. She felt keenly disappointed at her failure; yet she desired, above all earthly things, to have the approbation of her husband, and to assimilate, as much as possible, her thoughts and feelings with his. She did not allow herself for a moment to indulge in any severity of feeling toward him, and was greatly surprised when he again arose to go, at the feeling of relief that forced itself upon her.

Bidding him a pleasant "Good morning," she hastened to the nursery—only to have her feelings still farther tortured by the sound of infant wailing that met her ear.

She found her babe lying in its cradle, almost smothered with the covering that had been closely tucked around it; its little face reddened with crying, and its whole form trembling from the exertion. No nurse was to be seen, and Mrs. Le Fevre took her child and soothed it as none but a mother can soothe, wishing from her inmost soul that her dear husband could see the necessity, as she saw it, for her personal attention to the little helpless being God had given them. But she wisely determined to wait and see what changes time would make, and never to lose sight of the good qualities she knew he possessed, and upon which her affection for him was firmly based.

The careless nurse made her appearance just as her neglected charge had fallen into a quiet

slumber, assuring her mistress that she had "merely stepped into the kitchen for a drink of water, and hadn't been gone a minute!"

And time did make changes. It changed the little vacant looking infant into a noble looking boy of a year and a half, able to convey himself, upright, without assistance, from room to room; to speak several words, and do many things which bespoke intelligence sufficient for his age, and which constantly widened and deepened the place he held in the mother's heart. But—the father. He was slow to comprehend what there was about the child to create such an interest through the house. It had almost become a matter of vexation to him, and he fancied at times that his own presence had become irksome to his wife except when the child was asleep.

Mrs. Le Fevre had made many attempts to draw from her husband some words of admiration for the little creature who was so dear to her, but repeated failures had discouraged her so that she made it at last her greatest exertion to keep the little one quiet when the father was near, hoping thus to make the child's presence endurable at least.

But Mr. Le Fevre's mind at length began to awaken to the danger that was threatening the destruction of his home happiness. And like an honest and well meaning man, as he was, he set himself seriously to work to examine his own feelings, to see if all was right there. The search showed him plainly that he had been jealous of his wife's attention to their little one, instead of making it a common joy and a common care, as he was half inclined to believe he ought to have done, until feelings, amounting almost to aversion to the child, had found place in his heart. He began to have a serious desire to correct the fault. But he found it no easy matter to begin. But a daily increasing embarrassment at home at length forced him to make the trial. He began to take more notice of the little Willie, and even requested to have him brought into the parlor when he did not find him there. But Willie was in no hurry to form his acquaintance. He had been a stranger to him too long, and it took a host of toys, and many weeks' exertion, to induce him to speak the first word in his father's presence. But when the acquaintance was once fairly commenced it progressed rapidly, and the dignified Mr. Le Fevre was perfectly astonished at finding so much pleasure in the companionship of a little child!

The mother was delighted. She felt that a new star had arisen in their matrimonial sky, for which she had long sighed, and the absence of which she had seriously feared would, some time, make other bright spots grow dim.

By and by another event transpired, which threw little Willie more with his father, and caused their acquaintance to ripen into real intimacy. A daughter was born—a little sister for Willie!

Ah! "baby boy," you must be a man now. And so he was fast becoming. Father and

child were coming nearer together. The man was stooping to the comprehension of the child, and the child was reaching up to understand the man, and both were profited.

Now, the father could not do without his little boy when he came home, and the little boy could not do without his little sister; and so it came to pass they often met in the nursery where little Ella was, and from being much with the young babe, even the man of dignity found much to admire. The little hands and feet—the funny cooing, and the pretty smiling, became matters of interest, and the mother's heart was made glad, and the family was *united*.

Mrs. Le Fevre's mirth was provoked one happy morning at the scene that met her gaze as she entered the nursery, after breakfast. There was her husband running a race around the cradle with his little boy, and stopping at each completion of the circuit to speak to baby Ella, who was clapping her little hands in great glee at the sport.

The mother stood for a moment unobserved, but her husband commencing the song—"He, Betty Martin"—she laughed outright, and could not resist the temptation to rally him a little upon the wondrous change that had come over him. And with as much gravity as she could command, she commenced—

"Really, I had not expected to see Mr. Le Fevre spending so much of his time in simple!"

"Oh, stop, Mary, I beg of you!" entreated the husband, pleasantly. "You must have thought me a miserable piece of conceit to find so much fault with you because you did not prefer my society at the expense of neglect to your little one. But I am reforming fast—am I not, Willie?" and he stooped so that the cradle half hid his face from view, much to the child's amusement and somewhat to his own relief.

"No, no, husband, I did not think any such thing," earnestly replied the wife. "I knew you did not understand the necessity there was for my attention to my child, or the pleasure to be derived from the performance of such duties. And I was willing to wait, and let time and your own good sense be your informer."

"Instead of calling me a heartless man and an unworthy parent, as almost any other woman would have done," said the husband, rising and wiping the perspiration from his face. "I have not forgotten with what indifference I treated our first born, and I wonder at your patience with me."

The moisture of overrunning happiness was in the mother's eyes, but she silently laid her hand in her husband's, and looked with satisfaction upon their little living treasures, while the husband, fully awake to his past error, and anxious to atone for it, drew his three loved ones fondly together, and thanked God for his happy lot!

WHATEVER YOUR necessities may be, still remember that honesty is your only wealth.

## HAVE PATIENCE.

It was Saturday evening, about eight o'clock. Mary Gray had finished mangleing, and had sent home the last basket of clothes. She had swept up her little room, stirred the fire, and placed upon it a saucepan of water. She had brought out the bag of oatmeal, a basin and a spoon, and laid them upon the round deal table. The place, though very scantily furnished, looked altogether, neat and comfortable. Mary now sat idle by the fire. She was not often idle.—She was a pale, delicate looking woman, of about five and thirty. She looked like one who had worked beyond her strength, and her thin face had a very anxious, careworn expression. Her dress showed signs of poverty, but it was scrupulously clean and neat. As it grew later, she seemed to be listening attentively for the approach of some one; she was ready to start up every time a step came near her door. At length a light step approached, and did not go by it; it stopped, and there was a gentle tap at the door. Mary's pallid face brightened, and in a moment she had let in a fine, intelligent looking lad, about thirteen years of age, whom she welcomed with evident delight.

"You are later than usual to-night, Stephen," she said.

Stephen did not reply; but he threw off his cap, and placed himself in the seat Mary had quitted.

"You do not look well to-night, dear," said Mary, anxiously; "is anything the matter?"

"I am quite well, mother," replied the boy. "Let me have my supper. I am quite ready for it."

As he spoke, he turned away his eyes from Mary's inquiring look. Mary, without another word, set herself about preparing the supper of oatmeal porridge. She saw that something was wrong with Stephen, and that he did not wish to be questioned, so she remained silent. In the meantime Stephen had placed his feet on the fender, rested his elbows on his knees, and his head on his hands. His hands covered his face; and, by and by, a few large tears began to trickle down his fingers. Then suddenly dashing off his tears, as though he were ashamed of them, he showed his pale, agitated face, and said, in a tone of indignation and remorse,

"Mother, I am determined I will bear it no longer."

Mary was not surprised. She finished pouring out the porridge; then, taking a stool, she seated herself beside him.

"Why, Stephen," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "how many hundred times before have you made that resolution! But what's the matter now? Have you any new trouble to tell me of?"

Stephen answered by silently removing with his hand some of his thick curly hair, and showing beneath it an ear bearing the too evident marks of cruel usage.

"My poor boy!" exclaimed Mary, her tears starting forth. "Could he be so cruel?"

"It is nothing, mother," replied the boy, sorry to have called forth his mother's tears. "I don't care for it. It was done in a passion, and he was sorry for it after."

"But what could you have done, Stephen, to make him so angry with you?"

"I was selling half a quire of writing paper to a lady: he counted the sheets after me, and found thirteen instead of only twelve—they had stuck together so, that I took two for one. I tried to explain, but he was in a passion, and gave me a blow. The lady said something to him about his improper conduct, and he said that I was such a *careless little rascal*, that he lost all patience with me. That hurt me a great deal more than the blow. It was a falsehood, and he knew it—but he wanted to excuse himself. I felt that I was going into a passion too, but I thought of what you are always telling me about patience and forbearance, and I kept down my passion—I know he was sorry for it after, from the way he spoke to me, though he didn't say so."

"I have no doubt he suffered more than you, Stephen," said Mary; "he would be vexed that he had shown his temper before the lady, vexed that he had told a lie, and vexed that he had hurt you when you bore it so patiently."

"Yes, mother, but that doesn't make it easier for me to bear his ill temper; I've borne it now for more than a year for your sake, and I can bear it no longer. Surely I can get something to do—I'm sturdy and healthy, and willing to do any kind of work."

Mary shook her head, and remained for a long time silent and thoughtful. At length she said, with a solemn earnestness of manner that almost made poor Stephen cry,—

"You say that, for my sake, you have borne your master's unkind treatment for more than a year; for my sake, bear it longer, Stephen. Your patience must, and *will* be rewarded in the end. You know how I have worked, day and night, ever since your poor father died, when you were only a little infant in the cradle, to feed and clothe you, and to pay for your schooling, for I was determined that you should have schooling; you know how I have been cheered in all my toil by the hope of seeing you, one day, getting on in the world. And I know, Stephen, that you will get on. You are a good, honest lad, and kind to your poor mother, and God will reward you. But not if you are hasty—not if you are impatient; you know how hard it was for me to get you this situation—you might not get another—you must not leave—you must not break your indentures—you must be patient and industrious still—you have a hard master, and, God knows, it costs me many a heart-ache to think of what you have to suffer; but bear with him, Stephen;

bear with him, for my sake, a few years longer."

Stephen was now fairly crying, and his mother kissed off his tears, while her own flowed freely. Her appeal to his affection was not in vain. He soon smiled through his tears, as he said, "Well, mother, you always know how to talk me over. When I came in to-night, I did think that I would never go to the shop again. But I will promise you to be patient and industrious still. Considering all that you have done for me, this is little enough for me to do for you. When I have a shop of my own, you shall live like a lady. I'll trust to your word that I shall be sure to get on, if I am patient and industrious, though I don't see how it's to be.—It's not so very bad to bear after all; and, bad as my master is, there's one comfort, he lets me have my Saturday nights and blessed Sundays with you. Well, I feel happier now, and I think I can eat my supper. We forgot that my porridge was getting cold all this time."

Stephen kept his word—day after day, and month after month, his patience and industry never flagged. And plenty of trials, poor fellow, he had for his fortitude. His master, a small stationer in a small country town, to whom Stephen was bound apprentice for five years, with a salary barely sufficient to keep him in clothes, was a little, spare, sharp-faced man, who seemed to have worn himself away with continual fretfulness and vexation. He was perpetually fretting, perpetually finding fault with something or other, perpetually thinking that everything was going wrong.—Though he did cease to go into a passion with, and to strike Stephen, the poor lad was an object always at hand, on which to vent his ill humor. Many, many times was Stephen on the point of losing heart and temper; but he was always able to control himself by thinking of his mother. And, as he said, there was always comfort in those Saturday nights and blessed Sundays. A long walk in the country on those blessed Sundays, and the Testament readings to his mother, would always strengthen his often wavering faith in her prophecies of good in the end, would cheer his spirits, and nerve him with a fresh resolution for the coming week. And what was it that the widow hoped would result from this painful bondage? She did not know—she only had faith in her doctrine—that patience and industry would some time be rewarded. *How* the reward was to come in her son's case, she could not see. It seemed likely, indeed, from all appearances, that the doctrine in this case would prove false. But still she had faith.

It was now nearly four years since the conversation between mother and son before detailed. They were together again on the Saturday evening. Stephen had grown into a tall, manly youth, with a gentle, kind, and thoughtful expression of countenance. Mary looked much older, thinner, paler, and more anxious. Both were at this moment looking very downcast.

"I do not see that anything can be hoped

from him," said Stephen, with a sigh. "I have now served him faithfully for five years—I have borne patiently all his ill-humor, I have never been absent a moment from my post, and during all that time, notwithstanding all this, he has never thanked me, he has never so much as given me a single kind word, nor even a kind look. He must know that my apprenticeship will be out on Tuesday, yet he never says a word to me about it, and I suppose I must just go without a word."

"You must speak to him," said Mary, "you cannot leave without saying something—and tell him exactly how you are situated; he cannot refuse to do something to help you."

"It is easy to talk of speaking to him, mother, but not so easy to do it. I have often before thought of speaking to him—of telling him how very, very poor we are, and begging a little more salary. But I never could do it when I came before him. I seemed to feel that he would refuse me, and I felt somehow too proud to ask a favor that would most likely be refused. But it shall be done, now, mother; I will not be a burthen upon you, if I can help it. I'd sooner do anything than that. He *ought* to do something for me, and there's no one else that I know of that can. I *will* speak to him on Monday.

Monday evening was come—all day Stephen had been screwing up his courage for the task he had to do; of course it could not be done when his master and he were in the shop together, for there they were liable at any moment to be interrupted. At dinner time they separated; for they took the meal alternately, that the post in the shop might never be deserted. But now the day's work was over: every thing was put away, and master and apprentice had retired into the little back parlor to take their tea. As usual, they were alone, for the stationer was a single man, (which might account for the sourness of his temper,) and the meal was usually taken in silence, and soon after it was over they would both retire to bed, still in silence. Stephen's master had poured out for him his first cup of tea, handed it to him without looking at him, and began to swallow his own portion. Stephen allowed his cup to remain before him untouched; he glanced timidly towards his master, drew a deep breath, colored slightly, and then began:

"If you please, sir, I wish to speak to you." His master looked up with a sudden jerk of the head, and fixed his keen gray eyes on poor Stephen's face. He did not seem at all surprised, but said sharply, (and he had a very sharp voice) "Well, sir, speak on."

Stephen was determined not to be discouraged, so he began to tell his little tale. His voice faltered at first, but as he went on he became quite eloquent. He spoke with a boldness which astonished himself. He forgot his master, and thought only of his mother. He told all about her poverty, and struggled to get a living. He dwelt strongly, but modestly, on his own conduct during his apprenticeship, and finished by entreating his master now to help

him to do something, for he had nothing in the world to turn to, no friends, no money, no influence.

His master heard him to an end. He had soon withdrawn his eyes from Stephen's agitated face, then partially averted his own face, then left his seat, and advanced to a side table, where he began to rummage among some papers, with his back to Stephen.

Stephen had ceased speaking some time before he made any reply. Then still without turning round, he spoke, beginning with a sort of grunting ejaculation—"Humph! so your mother gets her living by mangling, does she? and she thought that if she got you some schooling, and taught you to behave yourself, your fortune would be made. Well, you will be free to-morrow; you may go to her and tell her she is a fool for her pains. Here are your indentures, and here's the salary that's due to you. Now you may go to bed."

As he spoke the last words, he had taken the indentures from a desk, and the money from his purse. Stephen felt a choking sensation in his throat as he took from his hands the paper and the money; he would even have uttered the indignation he felt, but, before he could speak, his master had left the room. Disappointed and heart-sick, and feeling humiliated that he should have asked a favor of such a man, the poor lad retired to his garret, and it was almost time to get up in the morning before he could fall asleep. On the Tuesday when the day's work was over, Stephen packed up his bundle of clothes;—should he say good-bye to his master? Yes; he would not be ungracious at the last. He opened the door of the back parlor, and stood just within the doorway, his bundle in his hand. His master was sitting, solitary, at the tea-table.

"I am going, sir, good bye," said Stephen.

"Good bye, sir," returned his master, without looking at him. And so they parted.

The result of the application told, the mother and son sat together that night in silence; their hearts were too full for words. Mary sorrowed most, because she had hoped most. Bitter tears rolled down her cheeks, as she sat brooding over her disappointment. Stephen looked more cheerful, for his mind was busy trying to form plans for the future—how he should go about to seek for another situation, etc. Bed-time came; both rose to retire to rest. Stephen had pressed his mother's hand, and was retiring, saying as he went, "Never mind, mother, it'll all be right yet," when they were startled by a loud rap at the door.

"Who's there?" shouted Stephen.

"A letter for you," was the reply.

Stephen thought there was some mistake, but he opened the door. A letter was put into his hand, and the bearer disappeared. Surprised, Stephen held the letter close to the rush-light Mary was carrying. He became still more surprised; it was addressed to Mrs. Gray, that was his mother, and he thought he knew the handwriting; it was very like his master's. Mary's look of wonder became suddenly brightened by

a flash of hope; she could not read writing—Stephen must read it for her. He opened the letter, something like a bank note was the first thing he saw—he examined it—it was actually a ten pound bank of England note; his heart beat rapidly, and so did his mother's; what could this mean? But there was a little note which would perhaps explain. Stephen's fingers trembled sadly as he opened it. There were not many words, but they were to the purpose. Stephen read them to himself before he read them aloud. And as he was reading, his face turned very red, and how it did burn! But what was the meaning of tears, and he looking so pleased? Mary could not understand it.

"Do read up, Stephen," she exclaimed.

With a voice broken by the effort he had to make all the time to keep from crying, Stephen read—

"MADAM—Put away your mangle—that son of yours is worth mangling for; but it is time to rest now. The note is for your present wants; in future your son may supply you. I let him go to-night; but I did not mean him to stay away, if he chooses to come back. I don't see that I can do well without him. But I don't want him back if he would rather go anywhere else; I know plenty that would be glad to have him. He has been seen in the shop, and noticed, and such lads are not always to be got. If he chooses to come back to me, he won't repent. I've no sons of my own, thank God. He knows what I am; I am better than I was, and I may be better still. I've a queer way of doing things, but it is my way, and can't be helped. Tell him I'll be glad to have him back to-morrow, if he likes. Yours, 'J. W.'

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mary, triumphantly; "I always said so! I knew you would get on!"

Stephen did go back to his eccentric master, and he never had any reason to repent. He got on even beyond his mother's most soaring hopes. The shop eventually became his own, and he lived a flourishing and respected tradesman. We need scarcely add that his mother had no further use for her mangle, and that she was a very proud, and a very happy woman.

## LABOR.

"Labor is worship," the robin is singing,  
"Labor is worship," the wild bee is ringing,  
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,  
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart,  
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,  
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower,  
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;  
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

"Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;  
Idleness even despaireth, bewaileth;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!  
Flow's droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the changing wing wavers and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.  
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune?"

—[MRS. OSGOOD.]

## WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

"Will you bear that, Edward?"

The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was a time for response, Logan said sharply, and in a voice of stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added, "You will resent the insult."

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward," in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other, contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that, in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegations as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to repress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggle with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and a half dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and moved slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word, "coward," from the

lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbulent waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a milldam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companion on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party, on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the

shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprung forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not three feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crested waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But, not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered, with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved,

Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last, he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

T. S. A.

## A PROSPECT.

BY HOPE STARR.

### CHAPTER I.

"Do you think so, mother? do you?"

"To be sure I do, child. I think there's many a match, and happy ones, too, where there's no more liking at first than you have for Mr. Stetson!"

"Mother!"

"Well, what have you against him? He's a likely man, good principles, good habits, above board as to property—really, Ruth, I don't want to influence you, my child; but I don't think you'll ever do better. What objections can you have?"

"I don't know, mother. I have a sense of aversion when I meet him; I can't bear to hear his ring at the door; I hate the sound of his voice—he is *disagreeable* to me. O, mother! and I have encouraged him! So think of it! I'm sure I made him believe last night I was delighted with his conversation, and there it was, mother, the old feeling of disgust at every word he said. I *must* speak it out—it is driving me distracted."

"My poor child! But fie! this is a poor sentimental fancy of yours, after all, Ruth, maybe. I really thought—"

"You thought, mother, he would provide me a home and take care of me. Don't cry about it, dear mother; I know 'twas all in love that you encouraged it; don't feel hurt, dear. I'm sorry I've told you—I know how it was. You thought of me a poor sickly girl, with no body in the world to lean upon but you, and you getting old and failing—"

"And soon to leave you alone in the wide world, dear child."

"Yes, and poor and destitute, with my feeble hands powerless to help myself. Well, after all, who knows but I may learn to endure him yet? and then what a nice home there'll be for you, mother! and what a chance I shall have to look out for you and make your old age comfortable! You know I'm plain and sickly, and it's so good in him to think of me!"

"But you've a good heart, my own Ruth and everybody loves you. God help you, my poor child! It's hard knowing what's for the

best. Now for a nice night's sleep, though, the first thing, and some dream will come to show the prospect bright, I dare say."

Poor, dear, simple-hearted Ruth! How plain she looked now as she rose up, taking the bright chamber lamp, and left the room. Tall, spare, angular, with such a dingy complexion, such a hopeless homeliness about the down-drawn corners of the mouth and the hooked, crazy nose. I'll venture to say, if men fall in love for beauty—though I know nothing about their motives, not I—this was her first offer, and Mr. Stetson's taste in that line was as peculiar as Cupid could possibly manage to make it, at that. But then Ruth was so good, every body loved her, and if she had received no offers of marriage, she had kind friends in abundance. Mr. Stetson knew this, too, and he knew, I fancy, what a mother she would make for his six small children, and I, for one, command his judgment. These men, old widowers, I mean, are so apt to go and marry little flirtish girls, and so get the whole race of step-mothers into disrepute. Ruth's conscience need not have chafed at what he might imagine she was thinking of him, though, for he never considered that in the least. It was honor enough for her that he talked with her at all.

A jump over the next three months. Courtships, weddings, honeymoons, and like nonsenses, such able pens have forever been decanting on, my poor wee quill shrinks from the task in terror. But here is Ruth again. And, I declare, what a home! Splendid carpets, chandeliers, every thing elegant adorns it, and Ruth is there, its mistress. She never realized that there was so much grandeur in the world before; but if this is being mistress, heaven help her! O, if she could but dare to be herself there; if she could but once breathe free! But, no; the master's grand, stern air pervades every corner. O, if she could but make the children happy, draw them to her, and make them love her—no, no, the servants care for them; she'd love to put that little blue-eyed Charlie into his crib this very night, but he loves Betty best, and will scream and fight her off when she tries to coax him. She

would like to sit down with Nellie and Agnes, and tell fireside stories and win their confidence; but the little girls are stiff and fine, ladylike, and poor Ruth has no magic to approach them with. Willie, Otis and James mock her in the play-yard. No magic, indeed. O, if love was there! how would the old iciness melt away, and how would Ruth, unknowing how herself, win her way to the hearts of the little ones, and make them all love her a thousand fold back again! The magic is all there, lying latent in her heart, and there it will lie still, unknown even to herself, while that stiff figure looms grim and disagreeable in the corner, and she calls it husband. Heaven help thee, Ruth, and heaven keep the chill of this dreary time from blighting all the freshness of the little household spirits you have got in charge.

## CHAPTER II.

"Ah, mother! I was so glad to wake up and find it all a dream!" So says Ruth on the mor-

row following the chit-chat I began my story by reporting, for the picture I drew above was none of mine, but hers, and a dream-picture, too, she had been giving to her mother with a life and coloring my poor repetition blushes for itself when it reads.

"But, Ruth, dreams go by contraries, you know. Are you silly enough to be influenced by a mere dream?"

"To be led to reflect by one, mother: yes. Mother, I shall never commit that great sin. God will take care of me. I will trust. And what if we are needy; it's only for a little while at the worst, dear mother; and now let us thank God that no terrible perjury is to live on with us, to poison all our earthly lives. Let us trust, mother, let us trust."

Bravely said, Ruth. "Love" first, then "honor;"—both before "serve." I know not how the world may go with her—hardly enough, perhaps; but I know that right makes might, and I know while the right is hers, there'll be always brightness in her way.

## THE PERCEPTION OF COLOR IN PICTURES.

Every one knows that owing to the peculiar relation that colors have to each other, it is difficult, in arranging a collection of pictures, to prevent them injuring one another; but the fact is not "so generally familiar, that the impression produced by a color upon the eyes does not cease immediately when the eye is removed from the color."

Mr. Sydney Smirke, A. R. B., has recently addressed a letter to Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P. B. A., directing attention to this circumstance, and suggesting a remedy. "Let any one," says Mr.

Smirke, "who wishes to receive a full measure of enjoyment in a picture gallery hold in his hand a tablet painted of a neutral tint, on which to rest his eyes as he passes from one picture to another. Has his eye become inebriated by some florid colorist? A draught of the neutral tint on this tablet will sober it down, and bring it to the full use of its senses. Has he been contemplating a glowing Italian sunset, "A Masquerade at Naples?" A glance at his tablet will prepare him for the next picture, perhaps "A Mist in the Highlands." By means of his tablet his eye becomes, on each occasion, a *tabula rasa*—a cleansed palet, prepared to meet a fresh assortment of colors. Its discriminating powers are restored; its bias corrected; and thus each picture will stand on its own merits, unimpaired by the disturbing effects produced by the impression left behind by the subject of the spectator's examination. A late eminent medical writer on cookey recommended that a saline or other appropriate draught should be administered to the cook on the eve of a banquet, so that his or her taste might be purified and rendered so sensitive as to secure to each *entree* and condiment the exact flavor that shall

best recommend it to the fastidious gastronomer. Very analogous to this would be the operation of the proposed tablet upon the powers of the eye; it would 'purge the visual ray,' and so fit it to discern and appreciate the niceties of the colorist."

In the case of landscapes, where it is desired that the eye should appreciate tints of green the writer suggests that the reverses of the tablet—a blank page in the catalogue, for example, where there is one—should be colored with a deep pure, but not bright, red. Let the eye absorb a dose from this side before it contemplates a landscape, and it will be at once found to have been brought into a right condition for duly appreciating the artist's labor.

WE SEE, in the ordinary affairs of life, that those men who are commonly said to "drive all before them," usually bring up in a slough of the worst kind, from which all their after exertions, herculean though they may be, are altogether insufficient to extricate them; while calm, plodding, methodical men are successful in accomplishing their ends.

IT IS A FOOLISH IDEA to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day-laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless.

LAY NO SCHEMES for the future but such as you can ask God's blessing upon.

## SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

No. VIII.—MRS. S. C. HALL.



*Mrs. Maria Hall*

Among the living writers whose compositions will occupy a prominent place in the history of literature, is the lady called from her husband's initials, Mrs. S. C. Hall; but whose real name is Anna Maria. She is a native of Wexford, though, by her mother's side, she is of Swiss descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published till after her marriage. She belongs to an old and excellent family in her native county. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child have made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigor, that her readers might easily imagine that she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings—the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion. Mrs. Hall's first work appeared in 1829, and was entitled, *Sketches of Irish Character*. These bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banion or Griffin, though the latter may have tended to direct Mrs. Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and

are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humor. The coquetry of her Irish girls (very different from that in high life) is admirably depicted. Next year Mrs. Hall issued a little volume for children, *Chronicles of a School-Room*, consisting also of a series of tales, simple, natural and touching. The home-truths and moral observations conveyed in these narratives reflect great credit on the heart and the judgment of the writer. Indeed good taste and good feeling may be said to preside over all the works of our authoress. In 1831 she issued a second series of "Sketches of Irish Character," fully equal to the first, and was well received. The Rapparee is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 she ventured on a larger and more difficult work—a historical romance in three volumes, entitled *The Buccaneer*. The scene of this tale is laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of "The Buccaneer" is well managed, and some of the characters (as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan) are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. In 1834 Mrs. Hall published *Tales of Woman's Trials*, short stories of decidedly moral tendency, written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835 appeared *Uncle Horace*, a novel, and in 1838 "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the New Monthly Magazine, and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, "The Groves of Blarney," was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840 Mrs. Hall issued what has been styled the best of her novels, *Marian; or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katey Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling, and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraiture since those of Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840 Mrs. Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflected credit upon his talents and industry, *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the practical and romantic features of the country—the legends of the peasantry—scenes and characters of humor and pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In tasteful description of

natural objects, and pictures of every-day life, Mrs. Hall has few superiors. Her humor is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observation so pointed and select as Miss Edgeworth's: her writings are also unequal, but

in general they constitute easy, delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment, that is ultimately more fascinating than the darker shades and colorings of imaginative composition.



MRS. HALL'S RESIDENCE, BROMPTON.

## IS IT COME?

[The following is the poem that attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and induced him to make a present of £100 to the authoress, **MISS FRANCES BROWN**.]

Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile,  
Who looked for the world's long promised day,  
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil  
With the desert's sands and the granite gray.  
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead  
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;  
They tell of the slave and tyrants dread—  
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his stary lore,  
That built up Babylon's crown and creed:  
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore  
With signs which our sages scarce can read.  
From Ninus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower  
The rule of the old East's empire spread  
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—  
But still, is it come? that Watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame  
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;  
And once on the West a sunrise came,  
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.  
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,

With human gods and godlike men,  
No marvel the far-off day seemed near  
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered and revelled, too,  
Till honor and faith and power were gone,  
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew  
As wave after wave the Goth came on.  
The gown was learning, the sword was law,  
The people served in the oxen's stead,  
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,  
And evermore, is it come? they said.

Poet and Seer that question caught  
Above the din of life's fears and frets;  
It marched with letters—it toiled with thought  
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets:  
And statesmen trifles, and priests deceive,  
And traders barter our world away;  
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
And still, at times, is it come? they say.

The days of the nation bear no trace  
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;  
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—  
The age is weary with work and gold;  
And higher hopes wither and memories wane—  
On hearts and altars the fires are dead;  
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;  
And this is all that our Watcher said.

## TRUE LOVE.

If the heart could unburden its own treasured story,  
How bright would be much that is cheerless and dim,  
But the cold forms of life cast a cloud o'er its glory,  
And shadow the gems that are sparkling within.

When mind speaks to mind, through the impulse of feeling,  
'Tis a reflex thrown down from a bright realm above,  
Where loveliness meets its own incense, revealing  
Unuttered commune through the spirit of love.

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER ALFUS;  
OR, THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

In the old days, when monasteries studded the slopes of every hill in Germany, they formed a feature in every landscape; huge buildings of quiet, peaceable aspect, rearing their small, slender belfry towers in the midst of forests where the ringdoves hopped from branch to branch. Many a faulty, erring man, no doubt, those grey walls sheltered, but they contained, as well, many a saintly sage, whose thoughts, long since weaned from all worldly joys, dwelt only on the future and the invisible.

At Olmutz, in particular, there was one who had rendered himself famous throughout the surrounding country, by his piety and learning; he was a simple and unaffected man, like all men whose knowledge is great; for science is like the sea—the further we advance, the wider grows the horizon, and the less do we seem to ourselves. Brother Alfus had had, nevertheless, his seasons of doubt and misgiving; but after having wrinkled his brow, and whitened his hair in vain disquisitions, he had at last been compelled to fall back upon the faith of little children; and then confiding his life to prayer, as to an anchor of mercy, he suffered himself to rock gently in the tide of pure love, holy visions, and heavenly hopes.

But in a little while rough squalls began again to shake the saintly bark. The temptations of the understanding returned, and reason began haughtily to question faith. Then Brother Alfus grew sad; dark clouds began to float over his spirit; his heart grew cold, and he could no longer pray. Wandering through the country, he sat upon the mossy rocks, lingered by the foam of waterfalls, and sauntered amidst the murmurs of the forest; but it was in vain that he sought light from nature. To all his inquiries, the mountains, the leaves, and the streams gave but one answer—God! Brother Alfus came out victorious from many of these struggles, and each time his faith was made firmer than ever, for temptation was the gymnasium of the conscience; if it does not destroy it, it strengthens it.

But, after a time, inquietude came over his spirit more keenly than ever. He had remarked that everything beautiful loses its charm by long use; that the eye soon grows tired of the most beautiful landscape, the ear of the sweetest voice, the heart of the fondest love; and then he asked, How shall we find, even in Heaven, a source of eternal joy? In the midst of magnificence and delight which have no end, what will become of our restless souls? Will not unchangeable pleasure at last bring on *ennui*? "Eternity! what a word for creatures who know no law but that of change and diversity? What man could wish his sweetest pleasure to last for ever? O, my God! no more past, and no more

future! no more remembrances, and no more hopes! eternity! eternity! O, sorrowful word! O, word, which hast spread fire and lamentation upon earth, what must thou, then, mean in Heaven?" Thus spoke Brother Alfus, and every day his doubts became greater. One morning he issued from the monastery before the other monks had risen, and descended into the valley. The fields, still moist with last night's rain, were glistening under the first rays of the rising sun, like a maiden smiling through her tears. Alfus strolled gently through the shady thickets on the hill-side. The birds, which had but just awoke from their slumbers, were perched in the hawthorns, shaking down rosy blossoms on his bald head; and some butterflies, still half asleep, flew lightly in the sun to dry their wings.

Alfus stopped to gaze on the scene before him. He remembered how beautiful it had seemed when first he saw it, and with what transport he had looked forward to ending his days in that delightful retreat. For him, poor child of the city, accostomed to see nought but dark courts and sombre walls, these flowers and trees, and clear air, were bewitching novelties. How quickly passed the year of his novitiate! Those long rambles in the valleys, and those charming discoveries! Streams murmuring through the corn-flags, glades haunted by the nightingale, eglantine rose, wild strawberries—what joy to light upon them for the first time! To meet with springs from which he had not yet drunk, and mossy banks upon which he had never yet reclined! But, alas! these pleasures themselves do not last long; very soon you have traversed all the paths of the forest, you have heard the songs of all the birds, you have plucked nose-gays of all the flowers, and then adieu to the beauties of the country! Familiarity descends like a veil between you and the creation, and makes you blind and deaf.

And thus it was now with Brother Alfus. Like men whose abuse of ardent spirits had made them cease to feel their power, he looked with indifference on a spectacle which in his eyes had once been ravishing. What heavenly beauties, then, could occupy throughout eternity a soul which the works of God on earth could charm for a moment only? Asking himself this question, the monk walked on, his eyes fixed on the ground, but seeing nothing, and his arms folded on his breast. He descended into the valley, crossed the stream, passed through the woods, and over the hills. The tower of the convent was beginning already to fade in the distance, and at length he stopped. He was on the verge of a vast forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach, like an ocean of verdure. A thousand melodious sounds met his

ears from every side, and an odorous breeze sighed through the leaves. After casting an astonished look upon the soft obscurity which reigned in the wood, Alfus entered with hesitation, as if he feared he were treading on forbidden ground. As he advanced, the forest became larger; he found trees covered with blossoms which exhaled an unknown perfume; it had nothing enervating in it, like those of earth, but was, as it were, a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul. It was strengthening and delicious at the same time, like the sight of a good action, or the approach of a lover. At length he perceived, farther on, a glade radiant with a marvellous light. He sat down to enjoy the prospect, and then, suddenly, the song of a bird overhead fell upon his ears—sounds so sweet as to defy description, gentler than the fall of oars on a lake in summer, than the murmur of the breeze amongst weeping willows, or the sigh of a sleeping infant. All the music of the air, and earth, and water, the melody of the human voice, or of instruments, seemed centred in that song. It was hardly a song, but floods of melody; it was not language, and yet the voice spoke. Science, wisdom, and poetry, all were in it; and in hearing it, one acquired all knowledge.

Alfus listened for a long time, and with increasing pleasure. At last the light which illumined the forest began to fade, a low murmur was heard amongst the trees, and the bird was silent.

Alfus remained, for a while, motionless, as if he were awaking from an enchanted sleep. He at first looked around in a sort of stupor, and then arose. He found his feet benumbed: his limbs had lost their agility. It was with difficulty he directed his steps towards the monastery.

But the farther he went, the greater was his surprise. The face of the whole country seemed changed. Where he had before seen sprouting shrubs, he now saw wide-spreading oaks. He looked for the little wooden bridge by which he was accustomed to cross the river. It was gone, and in its place was a solid arch of stone. On passing a hedge on which some women were spreading clothes to dry, they stopped to look at him, and said amongst themselves—

"There is an old man dressed like the monks of Olmutz. We know all the brothers, but we have never seen him before."

"These women are fools," said Alfus, and passed on. But at last he began to feel uneasy. He quickened his footsteps as he climbed the narrow pathway which led up the hill-side towards the convent. But the gate was no longer in its old place, and the monastery was changed in its appearance; it was greater in extent, and the buildings were more numerous. A plane-tree, which he had himself planted near the chapel a few months before, covered the sacred building with its foliage. Overpowered with astonishment, the monk approached the new entrance, and rang gently. But it was not the same silver bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door

"What has happened?" asked Alfus; "is Antony no longer a porter of the convent?" "I don't know such a person," was the reply. Alfus rubbed his eyes with astonishment.

"Am I, then, mad?" he exclaimed. "Is not this the monastery of Olmutz, which I left this morning—"

The young monk looked at him.

"I have been porter here for five years," was the rejoinder, "and I do not remember to have ever seen you."

A number of monks were walking up and down the cloisters. Alfus ran towards them, and called them; but none answered. He went closer, but not one of them could he recognise.

"Has there been a miracle here?" he cried. "In the name of heaven, my brothers, has none of you ever seen me before? Does no one know Brother Alfus?"

All looked at him with astonishment. "Alfus!" at last said the oldest; there was formerly a monk of that name at the convent. I used to hear the old man, long ago, when I was young, talking of him. He was a learned man, but a dreamer, and fond of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and was lost sight of behind the wood. They expected him back in vain. He never returned, and none knew what became of him; but it is now a hundred years or more, since that."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for he understood it all; and falling on his knees, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed with fervor: "O, my God; it has been thy will to show me my folly in comparing the joys of earth with those of Heaven. A century has rolled over my head as a single day, while listening to the bird that sings in thy paradise. I now understand eternal happiness. O, Lord, be gracious unto me, and pardon thine unworthy servant!"

Having thus spoken, Brother Alfus extended his arms, kissed the ground, and died.

### THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeams slept,  
And chilly was the midnight gloom,  
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—  
Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gushed, the wintry air  
Congealed it as it flowed away;  
All night it lay an ice-drop there,  
At morn it glittered in the ray.

An angel wandering from her sphere,  
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,  
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,  
And hung it on her diadem! —[MOORE.]

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON, —(*Extremely unromantic.*) Alfred, devoutly in love, asked Maria for her hand. "You may have it, Alfred, dear," the artless girl replied; "But I am afraid you will find it twice its usual size, for it is covered all over with chilblains."

## THE LOST CHILD OF THE OZAN.

BY PROF. ALLEN M. SCOTT.

Away in the West,—the “far West” of former days, but the “West” of the present,—on the sunset side of the Mississippi, in the State of Arkansas, and near the Western boundary of that young State, there is a narrow, but deep stream, stealing its mazy course toward Red River, known by that euphonious name, “*The Ozan*.”

The country through which this stream flows is vastly fertile, producing immense quantities of cotton of superior quality. This particular section is known by the title of “*The Black Lands*.” The soil is a crow black, and of unknown depth, agreeable enough in dry weather, but in the winter, it is miry, and cleaves to one's shoes or boots, as though some wonderful affinity exists between the two substances.

The stream itself is narrow, being, in many places, not more than twenty feet in width of channel; but the adjacent low-lands, (or the “*Ozan bottom*,” as it is called,) vary in width from one to four miles. This bottom is subject to frequent inundations, the water often rising to a considerable depth, drowning a great many cattle, and interdicting all travel.

This bottom is covered with timber. There are stately oaks, whose roots are nourished by the rich alluvial soil, and whose mighty boughs have battled with the storms of a thousand winters. I must notice one more species of tree, found there in great quantities, and in no other place that I have ever visited. It is called the “*Bois d' arc*,” or the “*Osage orange*.” It does not attain a great height or size; but its boughs are covered with sharp prickles or thorns, and from its roots a thousand sprouts come forth, and completely arrest the progress, egress, and regress of man and beast. The timber is very heavy, and does not shrink in seasoning. It is in great demand, and used for wagons, mill timbers, and various other purposes.

But I did not intend to write a description of the country. My pen has wandered away from its subject. I now recall it, and bid it act truant no longer.

In 1810, all that fertile region, now teeming with a busy race, was a wilderness. *Mr. Josiah Clark*, a young man of enterprise and capital accompanied by his young wife, and some forty negroes, emigrated from Virginia, in the autumn of that year, and settled as near the *Ozan* bottom as the nature of the ground would admit, and built several comfortable cabins, about six miles distant from the place where Washington now stands.

During the next year, several families from Tennessee, Kentucky, and other States, attracted by so fertile a soil, cast in their lots with the *Ozan* settlement, and the autumn of 1815 found no inconsiderable number of inhabitants in the

vicinity of Mr. Clark's residence. This gentleman had now spread out a large farm, reared up a comfortable house, and planted a large orchard. Mrs. Clark had become the mother of three children, one son and two daughters. The eldest was a son, named George, and now, 1815, nearly four years of age. The second was a daughter, a little over two years old, and the third was also a daughter, a mere infant at the breast.

The winter of 1815-16 was one of great severity. Snow fell in unusual quantities, and the cold was intense. In fact, winter seemed to linger in the lap of spring, and when the *Monarch* was driven by the approaching sun, away into his native North, to dwell among icebergs and eternal snows, there was a succession of floods, and the streams were swollen to an unusual degree.

April at length came. Sweet birds began to sing the advent of spring. Wild flowers sprang up in great profusion, and filled the air with delightful fragrance. Mr. Clark, in common with others, was very busily engaged with all his hands, in preparing his broad acres for planting. This labor had been greatly delayed in consequence of almost incessant rains, and since sowing time had really come, there was no time to be lost.

Mr. Clark was devotedly attached to his children. Especially did he set his heart upon *George*, who, he used to say, was his second self. He was, indeed, a lovely child,—his eyes were as blue as if no tear of sorrow would ever issue thence,—and his little flaxen locks hung in loose and flowing tresses over his noble forehead. At night, when Mr. C. returned from his labor, his first call was for *George*. He must caress his little idol. On leaving in the morning, generally his last act was to catch up his little boy, and impress a fond, fond kiss upon his cheek.

Mr. Clark owned a mulatto girl, named *Fanny*, who had ever been the nurse of little *George*. She was his constant attendant. Often, when the weather would permit, little *George*, accompanied by his faithful *Fanny*, would wander out into the meadows, and gather wild flowers. About fifty acres of woodland, adjoining the *Ozan* bottom, had been chopped and grubbed, but as yet the brush and timber had not been burnt. Thither, one Monday afternoon, *Fanny* led her little protégé, in quest of honey-suckles and other flowers. They had been absent from the house about two hours, when *Fanny* came running, almost breathless from haste, and declared, that a man with a white hat, riding a very large bay horse, came galloping up to the place where little *George* was, in the new ground, and, lighting, snatched, up the child, and remounting with him, galloped off into the woods with great

speed. A messenger was immediately despatched for Mr. Clark, to a distant part of the farm, and he, calling off all the servants with him, set about pursuing the man on the bay horse. But it was impossible to find, or to follow his trail,—for a great many horses ran loose, and there were tracks leading in every possible direction.

Mr. Clark was much alarmed. He felt well assured, that he had no enemy on any part of the earth. Then, who had taken away his child? Why had he been stolen? The neighbors hearing of the circumstance, came in crowds to Mr. Clark's house; but no one had seen the man on a bay horse.

The child was missing—little George, on whom he had hung his whole heart, was gone, and he knew not whither. One of the neighbors suggested that perhaps Fanny had slept in the new ground, and that the child had wandered away from her, and she, on waking, had been unable to find him, and had, therefore, made up this tale of the man with a white hat. The girl was questioned again and again, but nothing new could be elicited. Her statements were always the same. Acting, however, upon the possibility of his being lost in the woods, they scoured the forest, searching every hill, and dale, and nook, and corner, continuing the search all night, and until a late hour in the following afternoon, and all without success. No trace or track could be found. A large company proceeded to the Ozan bottom, which was at that time slightly inundated, and dragged it for miles, lest the child might have wandered thence, and been drowned. Their search was fruitless,—no tidings came from the lost one!

Mr. Clark procured the assistance of two or three friends, and they set out in different directions. One went to the Arkansas river, and proceeded down it, enquiring at all the ferries and at other places, for the man who wore a white hat, and rode a large bay horse. Another went to Red river, and pursued the same plan. Mr. Clark himself went to the Onachita, and afterwards to the Mississippi, and spent a whole month; but no clue as yet was obtained.

And now little George was given up. All hope of his recovery vanished. The voice of bitter lamentation and mourning was heard, and the father and mother refused to be comforted. "Had George died a natural death?" said Mr. Clark, "had I closed his eyes myself, and seen his little form entwined with linen clean and white, and deposited in the narrow tomb, I could find some source of comfort. But as it is, all is mystery! If he still lives, he may be in a condition a thousand times worse than death."

Weary months rolled away. The idea generally prevailed, that George had most probably been drowned in the "bottom," and that no man wearing a white hat had carried him away. The bottom was now dry, and a young man found, on a heap of drift wood, a piece of cloth which appeared to have been a portion of a small check shirt. This was carried to Mrs. Clark, who thought she recognised it as a part

of the shirt George wore when he was lost. A great company of men went to the bottom, and tore down a hundred drift-heaps, but no further discovery was made.

Another year was added to the past. The mysterious affair was seldom mentioned. It had become an old tale, and many were the vague theories that people entertained concerning it. The spring of 1818 came. Two full years had completed their course, and no light, as yet, had been obtained touching the matter. One day Mr. Clark received a letter through the post office, post marked "Natchez, Miss." It ran as follows:

"Natchez, Miss., May 1, 1818.

"MR. JOSIAH CLARK.

"Sir:—Your little son George is yet living, and doing well. He has grown to be a fine boy. If you will send fifty dollars in a letter, directed to me at this office, I will send you directions where to find him.

(Signed) "JACOB TOURO."

Mr. Clark, in company with two brave young men, immediately set out for Natchez. On their arrival at that place, they acquainted the postmaster with the facts, and placed a decoy letter in the office, directed to "Jacob Touro," and containing fifty dollars. The postmaster was instructed to cause the man to be arrested, who should call for the letter.

Within the space of a few days, a middle aged man, with long whiskers, and a dark, scowling look, called at the window of the post office, and asked if there was a letter for Jacob Touro. The postmaster told him there was, and invited him to come in and open it, as he believed it was double, and if so, he must charge double postage. The fellow came in, and the door was immediately closed upon him, and he was arrested.

Clark told him, that if he would reveal to him the place and condition of George, and the circumstances connected with his abduction, he should be released, as soon as the truth of his declarations should appear. But the fellow refused to make any statements whatever, and was committed to jail upon the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. This fellow Touro seemed to be a stranger at Natchez,—no one there knew anything about him.

Clark published a description of his lost child, and offered five hundred dollars reward for any information concerning him. The authorities at Natchez, thinking that, perhaps, Touro could induce Touro to make some disclosures, gave him up to Clark, who soon thereafter set out with him for Arkansas. Several times Clark begged his prisoner to tell him all he knew concerning George, but he would not. What became of Touro, the public have not been permitted to know. It is known, however, that Clark started with him to Arkansas, and that he disappeared in some way as yet mysterious, before the company reached Monroe, on the Onachita river!

Four years more elapsed, and still, no tidings from George had reached his parents. Often

had they cherished the hope, that he still lived;—but at other times, hope surrendered to despair.

In the summer of 1822, a lawyer, named *Oden*, an acquaintance of Clark's, was called on business to *Alexandria*, in Louisiana, then a village inhabited mostly by French. While Mr. Oden was stopping at a hotel, he observed a lad of about twelve years, who was engaged as a waiter at the table, and appeared uncommonly intelligent. He moreover observed, that he was called *George*, and that he was, in many respects, unlike the other children belonging to the house. The idea occurred to him that this was Clark's son. Seizing upon a favorable opportunity, he asked the man of the house, if that boy, *George*, was his son. The man replied, that he was a lost boy,—that some one had left him on the wharf at that place, about six years before, and that he had taken him into his house, out of mere pity.

Oden then conversed with *George*, who could remember that he used to be waited on by a mulatto girl named *Fanny*, and that a man with a white hat had carried him away. He did not know that his name was *Clark*, nor did he know from what country he had been

brought. *Oden* remembered that *Clark*, in his published description of *George*, had said, that he had a scar behind his left ear. On examination, the scar was found, and all were satisfied that he was *Clark*'s lost boy.

*Oden* bought an Indian pony, and equipped him with a new saddle and bridle. He then took *George* to a clothing house, and procured for him a respectable suit of clothes. In due time they set out for Arkansas, and arrived at Mr. *Clark*'s after nightfall. Mr. *Oden* professed to be on his way to Little Rock, with the lad, a son of one of his friends. Neither the father nor mother recognized him, and it was while they were seated at supper, that Mr. *Oden* made known the true character of his youthful associate in travel. We leave the reader to imagine the scene that followed. Enough to say, that the dead was alive, and the lost was found.

Long years have since elapsed. Mr. Josiah *Clark* and Mr. *Oden* are both in that land of silence which skirts the boundaries of this territory of human life. *George Clark* is a man, a little past life's meridian, a respectable planter, and a useful citizen; living about one mile from the spot whence he was stolen by a man wearing a white hat.

### A CHAPTER ON ECONOMY FROM A NEW BOOK.

[A new book called "Home Comforts; or Economy Illustrated," has just been published by *Bunce & Brother* of New York. We give the first chapter, and think that many housekeepers who read it will be strongly tempted to buy the volume. It is written in a pleasant way, and with the running story it contains, are blended numerous valuable hints on comfort and economy in the household:]

ECONOMY ILLUSTRATED IN A PAIR OF SHOES.—MRS. DOOLITTLE IS DISGUSTED.

"Oh, dear me, Mrs. Lovewell, I am heartily tired of visiting that Mrs. Savery. What do you suppose I found her doing yesterday afternoon, when you know it was so pleasant that everybody was in the street? Oh, you need not guess; I am sure you never would think of the right thing."

"Indeed, I don't know that I could, but I have no doubt it was something useful. Practicing some of her arts of economy, I suppose."

"Economy indeed! Why, it is downright meanness. I should be mortified to death, if I was caught at such a piece of business."

"Why, Mrs. Doolittle, you alarm me. Pray, what was she about?"

"About, indeed! Why, she was making a pair of shoes."

"Slippers, you mean, I suppose; I often do that for my husband."

"Oh, yes, worsted work; that is a very different thing. No, it was a pair of *shoes* for herself. She had taken a pair of old shoe-soles, from which the tops had been worn out, and

had cut new uppers from an old pair of her husband's black lasting pantaloons. Did you ever hear the like! I was really disgusted to hear her talk about it."

"Why, what did she say?"

"Why, she said, 'there now, Mrs. Doolittle, I sat down after dinner, and commenced the job, with Susan to help me rip off the old soles and bind one of the new shoes, and now you see I have got just as good a pair of shoes, and for aught I see, just as good looking as the old pair that I paid a dollar and a half for. And that is what I call economy. Now I will go and show Susan how to make a new corn cake for tea. Don't you want to learn?'

"I told her no indeed; when I got so poor, and I put a real meaning emphasis upon the word—when I got so poor that I could not keep a cook that knew how to do her own work, I would come and learn the trade."

"Was she offended? Indeed Mrs. Doolittle, you were very rude. You might have learned how to make a very nice cake."

"Well I must acknowledge that I did; no, she was not the least offended, but insisted that I should go down with her to the kitchen and see how it was done. I had a good mind to refuse, for I expected that I should get a grease spot on my new silk, just as like as not. I am sure I should in my kitchen; but would you believe it, hers is as clean as a new pin. Why the very floor looks as white and clean as a table. I do think she must keep that Susan of hers scrubbing all the time. For my part I don't see how she ever gets through all the work and

do the washing too. I wish I could get such help."

"Mrs. Savery says it is by economy. Economy of time, as well as everything else. But about the nice corn cake?"

"Oh yes. Well I never; why it was just nothing to make. I could have made it just as well as she did."

"If you had known how."

"Why yes, to be sure; but it is nothing to learn; and then to hear her count the cost. Why she would feed a whole family for a sixpence. In the first place she took a cup of Indian corn meal, not over three cents worth, she said, and white at that—I always use yellow meal—it has more taste than the white—and put it in a clean wooden bowl, and what do you think she mixed with it, to make her cake? Water; nothing but pure water. Yes a little pinch of salt; but that she said she could not count the cost of, it was so small; and then she mixed, and stirred, and beat the meal and water together as though she was beating eggs, until she got it into a smooth batter, that would just pour into a shallow tin pan, about an inch deep. The cake when done was about as thick as my thumb. She first put the pan into a very hot oven and let it cook until the batter got stiff, and then she opened the stove doors and set the cake up edgeways right before the glowing coals until it got a nice delicate brown crust, and then drew it back and let it bake slow a long time—half an hour or more I should think."

"And was it good?"

"Good! why I declare I never tasted anything so delicious in all my life. I wouldn't have believed it, that just meal and water could be made so good. But that is not all. Just as she had got her cake turned before the fire, in came her two children—such pictures of health—did you ever see the like!"

"She says that is 'the economy of health,' It is cheaper to keep them healthy than sick, as well as more comfortable. You found them very neat, too."

"Neat! I never saw the like. But it's no wonder; look at the pains she takes with them. Why, it must keep Susan busy all the time."

"Then who does the work?"

"Well, I don't know. I can't understand it. I wish I could get along so. But then my children are always sick. Hers are always well and that makes the difference."

"No, the difference is in always keeping them well. But you were going to tell us something more about the cake."

"Oh, yes. When the children came in Lillie said:

"Oh mother, will you let me bake a sweet cake for brother Frank and me?"

"Yes, if you will run up to your room and put away your things, and put on your aprons."

"Directly down they came, and as I live, both of them with check aprons on. I should not like to see my children dressed in check aprons. It looks so common, and sort of countryfied. Then Lillie took the bowl of batter, and got a part of a teacupful of molasses, and a spoonful

of ginger, and stirred it in, and then she got a cupful of sour milk; and what do you think that was for?"

"I suppose to put in the cake."

"Yes, but first she mixed with it a little *super carbonate of soda*, until she set it all foaming, and then stirred it into the batter, with a little more meal to thicken it again, and poured it into an iron pan about twice as deep as the other, and clapped it right into the hot oven, where it baked until we were almost done tea; then Susan brought it in smoking hot, and Mrs. Savery cut it up into squares, opening each piece and laying on a little lump of sweet butter, and so serving it round to each one; and would you believe it, in a respectable family, that that was the only cake on the table? I declare I had no great opinion of corn meal sweet cake, it seemed to look so mean; and then I had already eaten hearty of the plain cake, and did not think I would touch this one, but Lillie, with her insinuating little coaxing way—I don't know who could resist her—said I must taste her cake, and with that she asked me to take my knife and lay it open, and then she took a spoonful of juice out of the quince preserves, and spread over it, and I began tasting and tasting, and would you believe it, the first I thought about what I was doing, I had cleared my plate, and Lillie was helping me to another piece; she was so delighted to see me eat it with such a relish, when I only intended to 'give it a taste, just out of compliment.'"

"Then it was good?"

"Good! I never tasted anything more delicious. I have often had a cake upon my table that I paid a dollar for that did not give half as much satisfaction: the bakers are getting to cheat so dreadfully. I could have forgiven her about her meanness—don't you think it is meanness?—in making shoes, or putting check aprons on her children; if she had not preached me one of her sermons upon economy, and actually proved to me that the supper, delicious as it was, had literally cost nothing—that is, next to nothing. There was the meal three cents—the molasses, and salt, and soda, three cents—the tea, two cents—the sugar and milk, two cents—the butter—butter is high now, but that was not over four cents—and let me see, was that all?"

"You mentioned some quince preserves."

"Oh, yes, but she said they actually cost less than nothing. About eleven years ago—it was to commemorate the first birthday of Frank—she planted a quince bush, and then she told how she made it grow, and bear fruit. She said she always kept the ground loose, and covered in the summer, with straw, which she wets with soap suds and dish water, and last year her quince tree bore more than she wanted; and so a friend of hers came and brought her own sugar, and did all the work, and put up the quinces at the halves, while Mrs. Savery was away on a visit in the country. So she proved, you see, that they really did cost nothing. I wish I could live so."

"I don't see why you could not, you have got a nice place for a garden."

"Yes, full of bushes and flowers, but I have got no quince tree."

"You must plant one, as Mrs. Savery did."

"Yes, and I might not live till it bore fruit. And besides, I never could do as she does. We hire all our work, and I often tell Mr. Doolittle it costs more to raise a few roses and flowers than it would to buy them. But then our girls must have a garden."

"Don't you know how Mrs. Savery works hers?"

"Oh, yes! her husband is a mechanic, and knows how to work, and don't mind it, and he spades up the ground before breakfast, and then Mrs. Savery and the children, and Susan, all work at it, and that is the way they make their things cost nothing. We live different, you know."

"Perhaps they make it a pleasure, instead of toil. I recollect going in there one day last summer—the door was open, and it was just at sundown, so I walked in, and through the house—the tea table was standing, just as they left it, and all hands were out in the garden, as busy as bees. I recollect Lillie was saving saffron, which Mrs. Savery said would sell for enough to pay for all the medicine they used in a year.

"Frank was cutting his third crop of grass from the borders, which he sold to old Capt. Peabody for I don't know how many quarts of milk. The old lady, you know, makes a living from her two cows. I declare, there was not a spot in that garden that hadn't something useful growing in it. But that was not all; I do believe that garden is the great secret of health of those children.

"As soon as Lillie saw me, she ran up and shook hands, and said 'she was so glad I had come, for father was just wishing that some of our friends would come in, and then he would cut the big melon.'"

"Melons! why, do they raise melons upon that little patch of ground?"

"Why, no, I cannot say they do exactly, for the seed was planted in a barrel of earth set on the flagging, and the vines were trained up on top of a little flat roof building in the yard, and there they grew, six or eight feet from the ground, some sweet delicious water melons. That was what Mr. Savery said was the economy of space. It was 'economy of space' indeed; for, underneath the barrel of earth was one full of ashes, saved from their chamber stove, where they burn wood, and that barrel used to run off a little lye to soften the hard water of their well."

"Oh, I always buy potash."

"And she always saves it. A gallon of lye will soften a large kettle full of hard water, and as you see, said Mr. Savery, takes up no room, and the leached ashes make excellent manure. That is what makes Frank's grass grow so rank, and our fruit trees look so thrifty."

"Well, did you eat the melon?"

"Oh, yes. As soon as Lillie mentioned it, her father got up and brought it down, and Susan drew a pail of cold water, and put it in; and Frank said then he would run over and ask Aunt Mary and the girls to come and join the

water melon party; and upon my word, I do think it was the sweetest melon, and sweetest family circle I ever got into in all my life."

"And was it big enough for all of you?"

"Oh, yes. I have often paid three or four shillings for one nothing like as good. And while we were eating—or rather while we were talking, after satisfying all of our appetites, Susan and all, Mr. Savery told Lillie to get her little account book, and show me, not only how she was learning to keep accounts, but how much they were indebted to the garden. Really, I never could have believed it. But the best of all, said he, it teaches my children habits of industry and economy."

"Oh, yes; that word *economy* always comes in."

"Well, I am sure it is a very good word, and at this time particularly necessary for all to learn, and practice, too. It would save much suffering among the poor."

"Yes, it may be necessary for mechanics, and such sort of folks, to be always saving, but thank fortune, my family are able to live without working like common laborers in the garden every day. Besides, my children ain't able to do it; they are very delicate."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Doolittle, it is the garden, and check aprons, and thick shoes, and corn bread, and all that, that makes Mr. Savery's children so healthy. And certainly, when they are dressed for church, there are none that look prettier, or attract more attention by their pretty behavior, if they do work in the garden, and get ruddy faces, and dirty fingers."

"Well, well, if you ain't getting to be a convert to the Saverys' economy. I shall expect to see you soon, making your own shoes."

"I don't know as to that, but I will tell you what you may see me doing—and I intend to begin to-morrow—and that is taking lessons in the art of house-keeping. You know my daughter, Salinda, is soon to be married, and I think we had better give Mrs. Savery five hundred dollars of her portion, for some lessons in the economy of house-keeping, the practice of which, in time, will pay it back, twice over."

"And so you are going to get her to give your daughter the finish of her education, after all you have done for her. Well, well, I am beat now."

"I shall certainly make her the offer. I have been thinking about it for some time; and now what you have told me has fully convinced me that a quarter's tuition from Mrs. Savery, will be worth more than any quarter she ever had at boarding-school, or from her music-master, or French teacher; for to be candid with you, Salinda is going to marry a mechanic."

"A mechanic! Oh, my! the richest merchant's daughter in town, going to marry a mechanic. Well, now I must go and tell the news. What will my girls think! good bye."

"Good bye." Yes, yes, Mrs. Doolittle, tell your girls, and all the rest of your acquaintance, that Salinda Lovewell is going to take lessons of economy of Mrs. Savery, and then marry a poor mechanic. Well, we shall see whether that won't be a good economy.

## ONLY ONCE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Well, now, Minnie. I should like to know if you can't go just this once, and say nothing about it afterward? I'm sure there can be no earthly harm in your doing so, and Mr. Leonard Steele need never be the wiser for it. One would think, to hear you talk, you were obliged to keep that gentleman (for whom, by the by, I have the most profound respect,) apprised of all your movements."

"But it is a self-imposed obligation, at all events, Josephine; and then, knowing as I do, Leonard's objection to dancing parties, it would not be honorable for me to attend one without his knowledge."

The speakers were two young ladies, and cousins; and they sat together before the grate-fire of a small, but elegantly furnished alcove, curtained off the magnificent parlors by embroidered lace hangings that swept down from the gilded cornices like a fall of white mist, to the velvet carpet.

Mary, or Minnie Hart, as those who loved her best usually called her, was making her first visit to her mother's cousin, the wife of a retired city merchant.

Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Gardner had been warm friends in their youth; and though in later years the tone and aim of their lives were so dissimilar, the intercourse between them had never been entirely suspended.

Amid all the metropolitan gaiety and luxury which surrounded and absorbed Mrs. Gardner, her heart still kept green and fragrant the memory of her early friendship, and to Mrs. Hart it was like a pleasant song, which, heard in the morning, reaches down in faint, sweet strains through all the after day.

The friends did not meet often—indeed, several years sometimes intervened between their visits. But the previous summer Mrs. Gardner and her daughter made a sudden advent at Meadow-brook, and Josephine and Minnie looked on each others' faces for the first time since they were children. Mrs. Gardner then obtained a promise that the latter should visit her the ensuing winter, and it is in the parlors above of her elegant home that we have first introduced our heroine to you.

Josephine and Minnie have just crossed their twentieth birthday. One is a brunette, the other a blonde. Neither are beautiful, but the haughty features, with the dark, brilliant eyes of the one, contrast effectively with the fair, delicate face, and rich brown hair of the other.

Those faces, too, are correct transcripts of the characters of their respective owners. Josephine's nature is haughty, self-reliant, exacting; Minnie's, gentle, loving, receptive; yet it is not without depth and earnestness, which an intimate acquaintance will alone reveal to you.

She has been two weeks in the city, and hardly recovered from the first dazzle and be-

wilderment of her sudden "entrée" into fashionable metropolitan life.

But that morning conversation will give you a better key to the characters of both the young ladies, than any elaborate portraiture of my own.

"Your notions of honor are altogether too nice, my little coz;" and Josephine leans her head, with graceful indolence, into the carved back of her luxurious easy chair. "You see, mamma and I are especially anxious you should attend this party, for it will be one of the most recherché of the season. We want you to see all you can of upper-tendom, too, while you are with us."

"But you know, dear, it will do me very little good to see that which neither my tastes nor circumstances will ever permit me to emulate. Beside that, it does not seem *quite* right to attend this ball, when I know Leonard's objection to everything of the kind."

A slight, but very significant smile, dawned over the proud lips of Josephine, and Minnie felt it, though she did not lift her blue eyes from the grate-flame. "Of course," she continued, with a little heightening of color, "I neither condemn or defend his opinions in this wise, but I respect them, because they are those of the man whose wife I am to become." She said this last very earnestly, but with a little tremor of tenderness running through the otherwise quiet tones.

"Of course, I understand all that, Minnie," Josephine felt that diplomacy would succeed better than ridicule. "But really, Leonard's objections seem to us city people so singular, so unfounded in reason. It would be very different, too, if you were at home, you see, for we will take all responsibility in the matter. Mamma has ordered your dress, and has quite set her heart on your accompanying us; and it will be *such* a disappointment to her. I wish you would go, just for our sakes, Minnie, this once—you know you can obey Leonard all the rest of your life."

This reasoning seemed plausible, and there was a world of indecision in the sweet face of Minnie Hart, as it leaned toward the grate.

"If I could only go, and not join in the dancing," she murmured, half to herself. "Still, it would be countenancing the thing by my presence."

"Certainly it would, you dear little morsel of conscientiousness. Come, now, say you'll consent, just this once, and if the mind or morals of the future Mrs. Doctor Leonard Steele are in any wise injured by attending this party of Mrs. Hill's, (how that lady would bridle her pretty head at the idea!) I'll pay penance all the rest of my life."

Josephine threw herself down on the rug at Minnie's feet, and looked up with half coaxing,

half humorous andacity, into her cousin's face.

" You're a real tease, Josephine. And I begin to suspect I haven't any moral courage at all, it's so hard to refuse you. I more than half believe Leonard's right with regard to the perverting effects of fashionable amusements and dissipation on the character; and then he is so noble, so generous, so good, it don't seem right to do anything of which he disapproves; but as you say, it can't do me much hurt to go this once."

"And I can't see, for the life of me, why he need know anything about it," persisted Josephine, whose fashionable education had not rendered her moral perceptions any more acute. "Come, now, say you'll go, and have it finally settled."

"Well, yes; I s'pose so;" but the consent was given under a mental protest.

"Goody! I'm so glad, you darling little girl!" And with one of those explosions of impulsive, rather than persistent feeling, which are indigenous to such natures, she rained down kisses on Minnie's forehead.

I do not think Josephine could, at that moment, have analysed the motives which made her so especially desirous that her cousin should attend this ball; neither do I like to insist that these were entirely selfish ones. But the young lady was very fond of patronizing others, and her little country cousin's naïvete and sweetness had created quite a sensation in the circles to which she had been introduced, and there was no danger of her becoming a rival.

Then, opposition always enlisted all Josephine's feelings. Spoiled child, and heiress as she was, she could never endure to be contraventured in the simplest matter. So Minnie's first refusal to attend the ball, had determined her cousin that she should go.

The first steps in wrong-doing, reader, are generally very smooth ones. In accordance with your characters, your educational and social convictions and prejudices, will you condemn or exculpate the conduct of my heroine; while I, in this instance, do neither.

"There must be some mistake about the whole matter, owing, doubtless, to a similarity of names," murmured the young physician, as he re-folded the letter he had been reading.

It was late in March, and the day had been bland and golden, as though God had sent it, an early apostle, to tell its loving story of the summer in a pause of that hoarse "réveille" which March strikes along the mountains and valleys. Large purple clouds blanketed the sky, and the rich, purple light showered through the deep office window that fronted the west; and as the young man looked off on it, his eyes brightened, and he drew a long sigh of relief.

"How gorgeous those clouds are," continuing his monologue—"how I wish Minnie's blue eyes were here to look on them—poor child, shut in by rows of brick houses as they have been all winter.

"Thank Heaven, (I say it reverently,) she is coming back to us next week. I wonder if this experience of fashionable life and folly has not been a sadness, and a weariness to her. Her first letters said as much, certainly; but I long to hear it from her own sweet lips. Well, I must be patient, and yet I don't believe I am quite so, for this clause in cousin John's last certainly annoys me; though I know there must be a discrepancy somewhere." He opened the letter which he had tossed on the table, and read aloud:

"I hear the lady of whom you have several times spoken in your late letters, is now in the city, and really, Leon, on the strength of our mutual acquaintance, I should have called on her, were I not expecting to leave this week for Baltimore. I learn, however, she created quite a sensation at the grandest party of the season, which came off recently at Mr. Hill's, a retired merchant, and a millionaire, with a young, and very beautiful wife. It is said she was the most graceful dancer on the floor."

"Of course, this could not have been Minnie Hart. Certain am I that her fashionable relations would not have inveigled her into an act so directly opposed to my wishes. In a few days she will be here; then, doubtless, the discrepancy can be explained, and I will bother my wits no more about the thing, till I see her."

And the young man strolled back to the window, humming fragments of an old song, and looking off on the heaps of sunset cloud.

A week later, and Doctor Steele and Minnie Hart sat together on the old-fashioned sofa, in the cosy little parlor of the latter's home. Very small and plain it looked to Minnie, whose eyes had grown accustomed to the spacious magnificence of her cousin's drawing rooms.

But she was very happy that evening, and would not have exchanged that old room for the most luxurious one on Fifth Avenue, as she sat there, looking into the dark eyes, and listening to the deep voice of Leonard Steele, or detailing, for that gentleman's amusement, some of her novel experiences of city life.

It was late in the evening when, in some pause of the conversation, the young doctor spoke suddenly, "Oh! Minnie, I quite forgot to tell you that my cousin and classmate wrote me that you were at a magnificent ball given by a Mrs. Hill, the wife of a retired merchant and millionaire, and that you were the most graceful dancer on the floor. Of course, there must have been some misapprehension of names or persons, for you, Minnie Hart, would not have done this thing?"

The astral lamp on the table, in the opposite corner, threw a warm, dim glow over the room; but the young man saw the white lids droop, and the red blood quiver up the pale cheek of his betrothed, and his voice gained unconscious emphasis and sternness as he concluded.

"No—of course I couldn't," gasped, rather than articulated, Minnie, while a cold shudder struck through her frame, at her almost in-

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voluntary (it seemed to her) utterance of this falsehood.

But Leonard Steele was satisfied. Minnie still stood in the high place of his soul, true, serene, radiant, the beautiful embodiment of his woman-ideal.

And he spoke with more than his old tenderness, because he remembered the late severity of his tones. "Forgive me, Minnie, if I seemed irritable. I know you too well to doubt you, or to believe for an instant you would regard my wishes or my feelings so little as to practically oppose them."

Minnie did not reply, for just then there was the low knock of visitors at the parlor door. The doctor and she did not see each other alone again that evening.

"And so, I have stained my soul—I have told a lie, and God and the angels know it," murmured the wretched girl, as she threw herself across the foot of her bed that night, while great sobs of remorse shook her slender frame. "Oh! if I had never gone to that ball—if that falsehood did not lie, burning and blackening, upon my soul! How can I ever look into Leonard's true, loving eyes again!—how can I go through life, feeling that God—the God to whom I can come no more in my joy or my sorrow—is looking into my heart, and reading the *lie* that is written there. If I should tell Leonard—but how can I—he is so noble, so lofty-minded, so honorable. I could never have the moral courage now to tell the truth—he would despise and hate me for ever. I know he would."

Ah, Minnie! Minnie! through deeper waters of remorse must you come to the truth, not for mortal love, but for its own blessed, immortal sake!

And she did it at last. Two days did Minnie carry that falsehood in her heart, whose memory struck the roses from her cheek, and the brightness from her blue eyes, while her friends concluded she was silently longing to return again to the city and the gorgeous house she had left. At last she could endure it no longer. She sat down and wrote a confession of the whole matter to Leonard Steele. She wrote earnestly, honestly, holding nothing back, and in no wise endeavoring to exculpate herself; and thus she concluded:

*Precious as your love is to me, Leonard—terrible as is the thought of your contempt—I would rather this moment resign the one, and become the object of the other, than suffer the great mental agony of the last two days. But with the writing of this the weight has been lifted up from my heart, and I am comparatively happy. I know and love you better for your high ideal of character and of life. I know, too, I must come down from the shining place where your affection had placed me, that you will despise me for my weakness, for my being in the hour of trial found wanting. And yet, remember that charity is greater than justice; and, oh, Leonard! in the depths of the heart that once loved me, let there be some voice that shall plead softly for your*

MINNIE."

It was late in the afternoon when Minnie dis-

patched her note to the office. But on that day a circumstance had occurred, which darkened some of the brightest years of the young girl's life.

Doctor Steele was playing the host that morning to two unexpected, but very welcome guests, in his rooms at the village hotel. One of these was his cousin John; the other an intimate friend and traveling companion of the young man's, whom the doctor now met for the first time. They were chatting animatedly, walking up and down the room with their hands behind them, or convoluting themselves on the sofas and in the arm chairs, (as gentlemen are very apt to do when alone together,) in all sorts of nondescript attitudes and positions, when Mr. Graham suddenly laid his hand on the velvet case of a daguerreotype which lay on the table.

"Have I your permission?" bowing to the doctor.

"Certainly, certainly, sir," was the half smiling response, though the owner secretly wished he had returned the picture to the drawer from which he had taken it that morning.

The golden clasps flew back. The gentleman started as the fair, girlish features met his gaze. "Why, I know that lady," he affirmed, drawing the picture nearer to him.

"You do?" Where in the world did you ever see her?" was the doctor's eager interrogation. "I met her last winter at Mrs. Hill's party, and danced with her twice, too; and a fresher, more charming little creature I never beheld. She quite bore off the laurels from some of our first belles. This picture is perfect. I congratulate you, doctor, on its possession."

Leonard Steele's face could not be whiter when the grave-sods should be heaped over it, but a strange, fiery light seemed burning up from his soul into his eyes. He bounded up, and then with a strong effort controlled himself.

"Will you look again at that picture, sir, and then pledge me your word, as a man of honor, that you met its original, and danced with her last winter?" he sternly demanded.

"Certainly, I will, sir"—Mr. Graham spoke with a flushed cheek—"though I believe my simple affirmation of the fact would satisfy most individuals of its truth. The young lady was accompanied by her aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Miss Gardner, whom she was, I think, visiting at the time."

"You are correct, sir. Pardon me, if I spoke hastily. I had very good reasons for wishing not to be mistaken in this matter. We will change the subject to a more agreeable one, if you please."

But neither the host or his guests could wholly overcome the constraint which this conversation had superinduced, and no one of them was sorry when the striking of the dépôt clock warned him it was time to start for the cars.

"Hang it, John!" said Mr. Graham, as soon as they were out of the doctor's hearing—

"what a terrible malapropos speech of mine that was about the picture. It just threw cold water on all the rest of our visit."

"My dear fellow, don't give yourself any uneasiness on the subject," was John's consoling rejoinder. I suspect, by what I saw to-day, Leon is really interested in the young lady, but doubtless it will turn out right in the end, and you know

'Where remedies are past  
The ills are ended,'

or less elegantly, but no less pertinently—'there's no use crying for spilled milk.' Come, hurry up, or we'll be too late for the train."

For two hours Leonard Steele sat alone in his room, his head buried in the arms that lay on his table. His character was one that seemed to combine all the depth and tenderness of a woman with the strong will and calm judgment of a man; and, with his well regulated mind, his emotional nature never subjugated his reason. When he lifted his head his resolution was taken, and with him to resolve was to act.

The next day Minnie received a letter from the doctor. She tore it open, with shaking hands, and read—

"Minnie—When this reaches you I shall be on the road to Europe; and, of course, you will understand the rest. I have loved you, and I love you still, tenderly, deeply, dearly. But I cannot marry the woman I do not respect—the woman who can stain her soul, and her life, with a lie, such as you have done. You know to what I allude, for I have this morning learned that you were at Mrs. Hill's party.

"Oh, Minnie, my once embodiment of woman's truth, and grace, and beauty; would that I had died before the veil had been lifted from your soul!

"I am proving your power, and my weakness, in thus leaving you, for my affection would triumph over my reason were I to remain. I feel it, fool that I am, that with neither confidence or faith in you, I yet should marry you.

"I could readily have forgotten your attending this ball, opposed, as you knew it would be, to my principles; but I cannot forget the falsehood with which you, my betrothed wife, sought to deceive me!

"And now, Minnie, loved with all the strength of my heart and my manhood, farewell, and for ever!

"May God yet show you the greater wrong you have done to Him than to me, and lead your life through green paths to Himself, most fervently prays

Your always friend,

LEONARD STEELE.

No wonder that, for many weeks after reading this letter, Minnie Steele lay on her bed, vibrating between life and death, with the brain-fever that had smitten her.

She recovered at last, and took up the broken threads of her life again, a wiser and a better woman.

As Doctor Steele was packing his trunk, the afternoon of the day that he left the village,

several letters were brought him. He tore them open hastily, and, in his excited mood, rather looked at than read them. Then he hastily tossed them into a large envelope, unconscious there was one letter, bearing a delicate, feminine chirography, whose seal he had not broken.

If that letter had been opened, how greatly would it have modified his after life!

But Minnie Hart never suspected this, and always believed that Leonard's first knowledge of her attending the ball was obtained through herself.

Three years had passed since Doctor Steele left America. One afternoon, about six months after he had taken to his beautiful suburban home a fair English bride, he was rummaging among some old letters in a corner of his trunk. He shook out of a plethoric envelope a dozen of these, when one attracted his attention, the chirography of whose address had power still to stir his heart. He opened and read it. Then his proud head bowed down on the trunk. What emotions shook his heart in that hour was known only to him and his God. In that, at least, did he rejoice exceedingly. Minnie had at last been true to herself. His idol was not all clay. And when his fair-haired English wife put her bright face in at the door, and eagerly called him to go out with her on the veranda, and see the May sunset, he rose up, and drawing her to his heart, said, with a solemnity which shook up the tears into his soft eyes, "What the May is to the year, you are to my life, darling. To its end I shall love you very tenderly."

And he kept his word.

Minnie, too, was married some five years after Leonard Steele left America. Her husband was a good and noble man. She loved him, and was happy—I cannot tell whether as much so as if her heart had sung all the days of her life the song of its youth. But I do know that the lesson she had learned so dearly, was never forgotten,—that through the deep waters of remorse she came into the great peace of the All-Father, and that her life was (alas! of how many shall the angels write it!) a true, earned self-sacrificing one.

PERSEVERANCE is often not only a substitute for ability, but it is something more. Many a one of very ordinary capacity has, by dint of the same valuable quality which enabled the turtle in the fable to out-journey the hare, accomplished wonderfully greater things than another possessing superior abilities, but less perseverance.

DEAN SWIFT said that nature has given every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable."

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—THE MOGUL, OR TARTAR DYNASTY.

No. IV.—ACBAR.

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Acbar was only in his fourteenth year when he ascended the throne. According to Humaioon's will, Byram was appointed regent, and to this able but vindictive minister the youthful sovereign was greatly indebted for the preservation of the empire from the enemies by whom it was surrounded. Several measures of a highly popular character, such as prohibiting the usual exactions of presents from the farmers, the allowing all goods to pass toll free, and the abolishing the practice of pressing laborers to the war, signalled the commencement of the new reign, and gave promise of the great and good government that was about to shed its blessings upon Hindustan. Among the first enemies of the youthful emperor was Secunder, who had been defeated by Humaioon, and who now experienced a similar fate at the hands of his son. A still more formidable enemy appeared in Himu, the vizier of the contemptible Mohammed, of whom we have already spoken, who, on hearing of the death of Humaioon, marched with a great army toward Delhi. Tirdi, Acbar's governor, with an inferior force, imprudently marched out to attack the invader, and was entirely routed; and then, as if to show how nearly his courage was allied with its opposite, fear, surrendered the capital almost without another effort. Acbar thus beheld almost the entire empire wrested from him at one blow. He called Byram to him, addressed him by the name of father, and placed in his hands the entire management of affairs. A council of war was held, and the majority of the Omrabs present were of opinion, that as Himu's force alone was five times greater than theirs, it would be most prudent to retreat to Cabul. Byram opposed this, and Acbar seconded him with so much spirit and gallant alacrity, that the chiefs unanimously cried out that their lives and fortunes were at the king's service. An instance now occurred of Byram's strict, uncompromising severity; whilst the king was hunting one day, he caused Terdi to be beheaded for surrendering Delhi. Acbar of course was compelled to thank him for the service he had performed, though he shuddered at the inhumanity of the punishment. The emperor now marched towards Delhi, and at Paniput encountered Himu's forces. Himu began the action with his elephants, thinking to frighten the Moguls; with the onset of those enormous animals, which, however, were so resolutely received and skilfully galled by lances, arrows and javelins, as to become outrageous; and they ultimately turned and spread discord and confusion among their own ranks. Himu, mounted on a prodigious elephant, at the head of 6000 horse, in spite of this repulse, continued the action with great vigor, and succeeded in penetrating into the very heart of the Mogul army. Here

he was wounded by an arrow in the eye, and many of his troops, thinking the wound mortal, gave way. The brave general, however forcibly drew the arrow from his head, tearing the eye from the socket with it, and in that terrible condition continued the fight with indomitable courage, with admirable, though ill-fated fortitude. He was at last made prisoner, owing to the treacherous cowardice of his elephant-driver, who, to save himself from the threatened attack of one of the Mogul chiefs, pointed to his master, saying at the same time who he was. Himu was immediately surrounded, and conveyed into Acbar's presence; Byram immediately told the king that it would be a meritorious action in him to kill that brave infidel with his own hands. Acbar, obeying the intimation, drew his sword, but bursting into tears, merely laid it upon Himu's shoulder.—The minister, after having sternly alluded to the ill-timed clemency which had been the source of all the misfortunes of the family, beheaded the captive with one blow of his sabre. In this battle were taken the almost incredible number of fifteen hundred elephants.—Acbar returned to Delhi in triumph. Byram's cruel and imperious disposition naturally caused dissension between him and his royal master, although from time to time he endeavored to avert the impending calamity of disgrace by directing Acbar's attention successively to the different enemies of his throne. He was at length, however, dismissed, to the great satisfaction of the many foes his unpopular character had made.

Through the whole of Acbar's reign incessant warfare was going on in some part of the empire, partly caused by the rebellions of governors of provinces, and partly by the endeavors of Acbar to extend the empire to its ancient limits. In pursuance of this object the Deccan was invaded and conquered, which Mr. Mill stigmatises as an act of "unprincipled ambition;" a harsh term, to say the least of it, considering that not only the Deccan, but the whole of Hindustan had been formerly comprised within the boundaries of the empire, and the sovereigns therefore accustomed, Patan as well as Mogul, to claim a sway no less extended, and that the country in question was at the time divided into different kingdoms, continually warring with each other. There are two things connected with Acbar's military transactions worthy of remark: the one, the never-failing rapidity and decision with which every new enemy was attacked before he could concentrate his own strength or add to it that of others; the other, his personal courage, which even exceeded in imprudence and audacity that of his famous grandfather, Baber. On one occasion, accounts arrived that the gover-

nor of Guzerat was besieged in Ahmednabad.—The season rendered the march of a large army with any degree of speed impracticable. With a small force, therefore, of 3000 horse and 300 camels he hurried to the spot, journeying for several days together at the rate of eighty miles a day, till he reached the enemy, who was thunderstruck on hearing the sound of drums beating the imperial march. Acbar had calculated that the troops within the city would find some mode of joining him; but as that was not the case, he saw that all depended upon him and his little army. To put retreat out of the question, he crossed the river that ran between him and his enemies, and was there attacked by 7000 horse. How easily might defeat in this petty engagement have resulted in the loss of an empire! The troops, however, as Acbar had calculated, fought with almost more than mortal resolution, both from despair at finding themselves placed in so desperate a position, and from pride that so great a sovereign was sharing it with them, and entrusting his fortunes and safety to their valor. The enemy was repulsed with great loss, and pursued by all the army, with the exception of a small body of 200 horse that remained round the person of the emperor, on a rising ground. Suddenly a large body of fresh soldiers, who had been left to watch the garrison, advanced upon the little party. It was one of those moments when men win or lose everything by their conduct. Acbar ordered the drums to beat the imperial march, and at once charged upon the enemy, who, convinced from these manœuvres that the whole of the emperor's troops must be coming up the hill, retreated with precipitation.

On another occasion, with 70 horse, Acbar met a thousand of the enemy in a spot between two hedges where only six horseman could pass abreast, himself mingling in the mêlée like a common trooper. These very imprudencies, however, when combined with good fortune and the unequalled skill and vigor of his government, helped to impress the whole empire with an idea of his almost supernatural powers of mind and body. Acbar reigned no less than fifty-one years, but his latter days were not blessed with the content and happiness to himself which he had done so much to diffuse among his subjects. He lost a son, whom he tenderly loved, then his minister Abul Fazil, who was murdered by banditti, and, lastly, another son. These blows, one after the other, were too much for him; his health declined visibly, and in 1014 he died, leaving his subjects to mourn for one of the best and wisest sovereigns.

The principles of his government were, "to gain and secure the hearts of all men;" to be just in the administration of justice, by not allowing petitioners to be "affected by delay;" to be tolerant in matters of religion (his vizier has recorded that "he never laughed at nor ridiculed any religion or sect"); and to be sparing of the lives of offenders, a principle Acbar

was in little danger of departing from. The whole country was divided into provinces, the governors of which were removed every three years. In his instructions to the different officers of the state there is much practical wisdom mingling with the humanity and benevolence of rule they inculcate. He says, they "must regard the knowledge of the dispositions of men as the firmest basis of their power. The needy are to be relieved, particularly those who do not set forth their wants." The remarks on the administration of justice are peculiarly admirable, for their clear, searching, and impartial character. The collector of the revenue is to consider himself "the immediate friend of the husbandman;" is to lend him money when he needs it, to be repaid at favorable periods; if former collectors have been inconsiderate or unjust, the present one is to do his utmost to undo the wrong. Even the manner in which the taxes are to be demanded is directed to be "affable."

Not only did Acbar himself examine personally into the minutest arrangements of the government, and correct or complete, where he found them bad or imperfect, but in some departments he entirely remodelled the system; as, for instance, in the important one connected with the finances. He placed the whole taxation of the empire upon a new and improved basis, removing a great number of vexations and injurious taxes for one broad equitable levy upon the land of the country, which he had carefully measured, and the amount of revenue fixed. He remitted the navigation duties, and reduced those on manufactoryes. The coin was improved by enhancing its real as compared with the previous nominal value. Literature and the arts were never better encouraged or appreciated; and lastly, the education of the people was made more universal, and its quality incalculably improved, under his judicious patronage.

**INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.**—There is a new guide to the interpretation of dreams. An English paper thus puts it: "To dream of a millstone round your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pears. To dream that you are lame is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit—that is, tick. To dream of fire is a sign that if you are wise you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water. To dream of walking barefooted denotes a journey that you will make bootless."



## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE NEW MOTHER

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Well, now, dear, which will you have—the white, or the pink camelias? You know you can take your choice, Alice?" and Aunt Maggie lifted the large blossoms, and laid them against the little girl's rich, yellow curls, as she spoke.

The blue eyes of Alice Field wandered doubtfully from one to the other. It was very hard to decide, for the flowers seemed equally beautiful, as they lay among the long, green leaves, one white as the snow on the mountain tops, the other wearing that deep, rich flush which the little country children see in the June sunrises.

At last a new thought brightened into Alice's face. "I'll take one of each kind; you know, Aunt Maggie, I am to wear them on either side of my hair, and it will be just the thing."

"So it will, dear child. Just pull the bell wire, while I pay the man;" and Aunt Maggie drew her pearl porte-monnaie from her pocket.

While Mrs. Field was counting the silver, another little girl put her head in at the door, when the lady ordered to bring a glass vase, half filled with water, for the camelias.

As the flower-man departed, the little girl returned; she was about Alice's age, and yet, what a contrast was there in the two!

Lucy Hunt had lived with Mrs. Field but a short time. She was an orphan, without any friends in the world. This was the most the family knew of her.

She had a pale, wistful face, with large, sad eyes, and her thick, brown hair was cropped short in her neck, around which loving fingers had once twined curls bright as Alice Field's.

"There, Lucy! just see what you've done, now! What a careless child you are! you've nearly spoiled Alice's new skirt!" said Mrs. Field, as she almost rudely brushed Lucy away, for the child had stumbled as she presented the

vase of water, and several drops had spilled over, and fallen on the skirt the lady was trimming.

"I didn't mean to, ma'am," stammered the little girl; "but somehow my head felt dizzy."

"Well, do look out, and be more careful next time," rejoined Mrs. Field, who, though frequently hasty, was not a hard-hearted woman.

Alice looked up as the child left the room. She saw the tears washing stilly out of Lucy's eyes, and creeping down her cheeks. Her heart was touched with pity, and though Aunt Maggie continued to talk about the new dress, and the birth-night party, the child answered in dreamy monosyllables, for she hardly heard her, because of the little, pale, wistful face, with the tears flowing down it, which seemed standing right before her.

At last she noiselessly slid out of the room, and went down to the kitchen door, and peeped softly in, but Lucy was not there.

"I guess she's up stairs in her own room. Maybe she's gone there to cry, poor little girl! I'll try and find her, and comfort her, anyhow." And she went up four pair of stairs, and through the narrow, dark passage that led to Lucy's room, at the back of the house.

The door stood a little ajar, and Alice distinctly heard a sob creeping out of it.

She went in bravely, then. "Lucy," she said, in her sweet, low tones, "I came to find you, and to tell you not to cry because you spilled the water on my dress. I don't care anything at all about it, you see."

Lucy sat on the low bedstead, and the setting sunlight, as it pushed through the half open blinds, struck rich and golden into the child's brown hair.

Alice went softly, and put her arms round her. Lucy looked up, and tried to smile, but the tears came instead, and great sobs shook her frame, though she clung to Alice all the

(313)

time—Alice, whose bright eyes brimmed with sympathy.

"Oh! it seems so good to have you here, if I do cry," at last whispered Lucy.

"Does it? I'm real glad! But you mustn't feel bad any more. You're lonesome, I guess, because you don't have anybody to play with you."

"No, it isn't that," shaking her head mournfully. "It's because mamma's dead, and I haven't anybody to love me."

"Poor Lucy! is your mamma dead, too?" her voice and face were very full of touching pathos as she drew still nearer to the child, for Alice could just remember her own beautiful mother, as she lay in the coffin with the white roses strewn about her cold cheeks.

God had never given any children to Mr. and Mrs. Field, so Alice had lived with them ever since; and they loved her quite as tenderly as if she were their own daughter.

"Yes," Lucy answered, in a broken voice. "Oh, she was such a sweet, gentle, loving mother! We lived out in the country, too, where the sunshine used to lie bright on the meadow-grass, and the golden dandelions grew like stars along the road-side. But mamma grew sick, and"—Lucy's voice failed her here, and when she dared trust it again she only added: "The next week they buried her by the old, mossy wall, where they laid papa when I was a baby."

"I am very, very sorry for you, Lucy," whispered the tremulous voice of Alice.

"Don't call me Lucy, please, but Lilly. It was what my mamma called me. 'My darling Lilly!' she used to say it so sweetly."

"Well, Lilly, wasn't there anybody to take care of you after your mamma died?"

"No, nobody. They brought me to the city, and placed me in that washerwoman's family, where your aunt found me. Mamma told me she was going home to the angels, and that sometime she would come for me. Every week I call to her to come, for her little Lilly wants to put her arms round her neck again. Oh! I wish she would make haste!"

"Well, Lilly, don't say again nobody loves you, because I do, dearly," said Alice, stroking the short, brown hair.

"Do you? Do you really?" What a tide of light flowed over Lucy's face as she clasped her arms around Alice. And far above them, where the winds murmured softly through a sea of white blossoms, the angels laid by for a moment the crown they were wearing, looked down on the two children as they sat there in the little room on the low bed, and smiled.

Two days had passed. Alice had attended the birth-night party of her friend, taken a severe cold, which had settled into a fever, and now the family stood in the darkened chamber, by the little couch with its pink loopings and lace hangings, on which the child lay dying.

Heavy sobs broke the silence. The death coldness was on Alice's soft cheeks, the death dimness in her blue eyes.

Suddenly they opened, and the last life-light gathered into them.

"Oh, Alice, my darling, how can I let you go!" wept out the child's aunt, as she clasped the little, cold hands. Alice's eyes wandered to the foot of the bed, where Lilly stood, almost convulsed with grief.

She beckoned her faintly to her side, and Lilly came, and Alice feebly placed the child's hand in that of her aunt.

"I give her to you," she said. "It is my dying gift, Aunt Mattie. Promise me you will take her to your heart, and she shall be all to you and Uncle Charlie that I have been, when I am up there!"

Mrs. Field looked at Lilly a moment, and then drew her to her heart.

"I promise you, Alice. She shall be to me another daughter."

"There, Lilly, you have a mother now," cried Alice, with joyful triumph. And then, the light went out from her face, and the lids dropped gently over her eyes.

*She had gone home, little children, to wear the crown which the angels had finished for her.*

#### THE FAMISHED WANDERER.

"I should like very much to hear a story," said a fickle and thoughtless youth to his teacher; "I hate serious instruction; I can't bear preaching."

"Listen, then!" said the teacher. "A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wide desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling fertile fields. But instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the traveller, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying onward for a few days, his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for no where sprouted blade of grass; every thing was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two long days the torments of hunger and thirst, he expired.

"It was very foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the desert."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to Eternity. Now is the time, when you should seek after knowledge, and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labor affrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring time of your years, amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus, and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer."

**LOVE.**—That everlasting conversation which the human race has repeated for so many ages without ever finding it monotonous.

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